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It might profit those who lament with any sincerity the decline of poetry in our times were they led to consider how it stands even now with any of its real worthies. They would find that after all the spirit of a "prosaic era," if such it be, has power only over creations that essentially belong to its province; that whatever has drawn life from a higher source, whether born to-day or centuries old, has nothing to fear from its blight, but grows on, in obedience to the eternal principle of its being, without a check from ungenial seasons,—which are, indeed, for the most part fatal only to productions that intrinsically have no right to live at all.

That these last should fall dead upon the growing multitude of readers, is surely no serious cause for regret. Nor, viewing the vast increase of that "reading multitude" in late years, need it be any matter of surprise if but few in proportion to the gross number keenly feel or understand what is excellent in poetry. At no time, it may be affirmed, were its true adepts more than a small minority among the many; and it is neither by their rarity now, nor by the hopeless fate of most of the works which they are asked to admire, that it would be wise to measure the poetic sense of this or of any other period. This will be known in some degree by observing rather what will flourish in its atmosphere than what expires.

Here, for instance, is Dante:—the austere, almost spectral, genius of a time not only far in counted years from our own, but alien to modern thoughts and feelings in every single point which concerns the superficial parts of existence. Yet, in spite of his grim and old-world air, he is still the familiar companion of the graver and higher class of minds, even in these busy days. To these he is still found to speak in tones that awaken a vibrating response in those feelings and aspirations which are never wholly mute in the heart of human life. He is recognized as speaking perennial truth, though in oracular language, always stern, often bitter and forbidding. Hence the desire to hear him better,—to penetrate, through the folds of a style strange to our altered modes of knowledge, thought, and different social aims, to a meaning which, even where imperfectly caught, is felt to convey a kind of inspired message. We shall not call an age dead to poetry in which this desire is manifest.

That it is not wanting in ours, may be seen in the manifold attempts made in these days to turn the 'Divine Comedy' into English,—and in the solid success of all such endeavours when conducted with proper diligence. The translation by Wright, not many years old, has reached its third edition. It was but the other day that Dr. Carlyle produced a standard text of the 'Inferno,' with a prose version in English, and the best commentary that has yet appeared;—and it is understood that its welcome has justified further progress in this valuable labour. Here we have a third translator, with courage enough to attempt a new poetical version of the 'Inferno,'—and this, too, in its original metre; with the purpose, as his Preface declares, of ultimately completing the whole poem, with "the remaining lays of Purgatory and Paradise," in the same manner.

The Preface aforesaid, which can be praised only for its brevity, states Mr. Cayley's reasons for thinking that the new translation may

not be superfluous; and specifies the principles by which he has been guided in turning Dante into English. These last are felt at once to be sound and masculine; while his conclusion as to the room still left for his task may be fully admitted, without assenting either to his general propositions or to some of the particular comments on his predecessors. The total effect, indeed, of this preamble is not very promising, either in what it contains or in what it omits. It is by no means well written; and it breathes a tone of more pretension than would be expected from one who had been walking with the august Florentine in the right way. On the other hand, the entire want of anything that might serve to render the scope or character of his poem intelligible to those who try to read it with Mr. Cayley's assistance only, may seem to argue a negligence, if not a levity, in the manner of dealing with such an author, not apt to excite sanguine hopes of the main enterprise. In short, here is plainly an instance in which it might be well to make earnest of the jocosse rule, that "a Preface is a thing to be written, and not read." Of the duty—essential in a case like this—of opening a way to the poem, it does nothing; and what it says on matters of less consequence, far from being well said, is on the whole more likely to repel than to invite such readers as a translator of the 'Divine Comedy' should wish to address.

We shall, however, advise them not to turn back; and by the time they shall have finished the first Canto, they will, if we are not mistaken, need no further persuasion to go on:—the power of Dante may be trusted for the rest. In saying this, we have already virtually summed up nearly all that need be advanced in favour of the translation; which, to our mind, is by far the most effectual transcript of the original that has yet appeared in English verse:—in other words, the nearest approximation hitherto made to what the poet, such as we know him, might have written had he been of our time and country, instead of being a Tuscan in the thirteenth century. To have done this office with tolerable success for any great poet is a claim to praise:—in a translator of Dante it is something more. Of all who have written long poems, he is perhaps the hardest to follow; from his intense personality, the like of which has never been before or since,—from his Titanic control of the nascent language, which, as Dryden said of a far less genius, "he invades like a monarch,"—and from a pregnancy and compression of style in which he stands unrivalled. This is not all that the translator has to imitate:—the severity of Dante's manner, his terrible plainness, his vivid conception, his terse brevity,—all these are involved in an element of rhythmical beauty, the music of which is never lost to a sensitive ear, even amidst the most harsh-sounding passages. If we add to this the burden of an awful and abstruse subject, and the arduous charge of embracing in a new language thoughts and images which, like all the utterances of Genius, are in more than one sense or one direction boundless,—it will be needless to describe the nature of the task:—it will be needless to observe that no ordinary qualities are required for even a moderate performance of it.

For a detailed examination of Mr. Cayley's work we have not space; and after the general description already given, readers will wish to see the available room occupied rather by specimens of his work than by critical comments. We shall but observe, that one main ground of his superiority to previous translators lies in the true perception that nothing but plain and bold language in the copy can represent the

bold plainness of the original. He has accordingly handled our whole vocabulary with unusual frankness; and we admire his skill in pressing apt though uncouth forms into the service, as much as we approve of the right feeling that taught him how Dante may be most nearly approached. It may be allowed that in doing this he cannot always avoid ugliness or obscurity,—that now and then he becomes puerile when he only seeks to be plain,—and that in grasping more firmly than others have done the very bone and sinew of Dante, he has not on the whole been quite as happy in following the more fluent and harmonious play of his form. But what does this imply? Let us remember the difficulty of translating Dante at all,—the stupendous difficulty of giving a close and strongly marked tracing of the vast body of Dante, as given here, in English ternary rhyme. It would be unjust to insist heavily on shortcomings where it is no vulgar merit to have advanced so far as Mr. Cayley has gone.

We shall best do him justice by quoting his version of one or two passages the intractable character of which is known to careful readers of Dante. Not a few of such occur in the similes at the opening of successive Cantos:—as in the twelfth, for instance, on the descent to the Circle of the Violent.—

The place, where to descend this bank we drew,
Was alpine-like, and with an object blent
That every beholder would eschew;
As is that landslip, ere you come to Trent,
That smote the flank of Adige, through some stay
Sinking beneath it, or by earthquake rent;
For from the summit, where of old it lay
Plainwards, the broken rock onto the feet
Of one above it, might afford some way;
Such path adown this precipice we meet;
And o'er the broken hollow, at the brow,
Lay stretched along the infancy of Crete.

Or again, in that striking series of pictures with which Canto xv. begins.—

Now bears us forward one of these hard mounds,
And the brook's fumes, which overlound us here,
Fend from the flames the water and its bounds.
As are the bulwarks which the Flemings rear
From Cadsand unto Bruges, to stem the tide,
For still the onslaught of the floods they fear;
Or which the Paduans, by the Brenta's side,
To guard their castles and their villages,
Ere Clarentum feels a thaw, provide;
So formed in one similitude were these,
Albeit within less height and breadth confined
By their chief builder, call him who you please.
Already from the wood we had declined
So far, that I my place could not have found,
Although I had turned back to look behind.
We met a troop of ghosts along the mound
Advancing, who their eyes upon us threw,
As men may gaze, when evening hews them round
On one another, when the moon is new,
And us with such a narrowed eyelid spied,
As some old tailor might his needle do.
I being by such a family thus eyed,
Was recognized by one of them, who caught
My heart, and, "what a wondrous thing," he cried.
And when I saw his arm to me thus raised,
I fixed mine eyes upon his aspect ere,
Till his fied countenance impeded nought
My intellect from recognition clear,
And lowering my face to his face, I
Said, "O Brunetto, master, are you here?"

Another, remarkable alike for its context and for its beautiful significance, occurs at the commencement of Canto xxiv.—

About that season of the stripling year,
When the sun with Aquarius trims his rays,
And now the nights to leave the day draw near;
When the hoar frost upon the ground displays
The perfect semblance of her sister white,
But of her plume not long the fashion stays;
The poor and garment-lacking peasant-wight
Arising looks abroad, and sees the ground
All blanched, therat his flank he 'gins to smite,
Comes home, and wanders moping round and round,
Abject, like one that knows not what to do,
Then sallies out, with stocks of hope new-found,
Perceiving that the world has changed its hue
In that short while, and takes his rod in hand,
And drives his flock to browse the field anew.

Perhaps there is no part of the 'Inferno' more difficult to render effectually than that which describes the transformation of the Fraudulent, pursued by fiery serpents (Canto xxv). The dextrous way in which this is done by Mr.

Cayley, while keeping very close to the original, will be seen in the following extract.—

Behold, where a six-footed serpent springs
In front of one, and limb on limb applies.
The middle feet about his chest it flings,
His arms it pinions with the foremost twain,
Then both his cheeks between its fangs it brings.
The hind legs pendant on his thighs remain,
And through their interval its tail was placed,
And doubled-up behind his loins again.
No tree the serried ivy has embraced
So tightly ever, as this reptile grim
The alien members with its own enlaced.
They welded afterwards, as though each limb
Were melted wax, and all their colour blent,
Nor what had been appeared in it nor him;
As through the paper held above is sent
By the flame gradually a browner hue,
Which is not blackness, and the white is spent;
The others who were standing still to view,
Cried out, "O how thou changest, Angelo!
See now, thou art not either one or two."
Already did both heads together grow,
And in a single aspect we descried
Two figures merged, and two disfigured so:
Two arms the fourfold levers had supplied,
The legs and arms, the double womb and chest,
Became such parts as never man espied.
No pristine semblance there was manifest,
Biform and kindiform the kindless brute
Seemed, and away with limping paces prest.
As under Dogdays' potent lash the new,
From hedge to hedge when shifting, shall appear
A lightning if across the path it shoot,
So seemed a fiery snake in its career,
As at the bellies of the two it sped,
All black and livid, like a deadly bar.
It in the part by which man first is fed
Stung one of them, and straight upon the stroke
Fell back below him, on the ground outspread.
Thereon the stung man stared, but nothing spoke;
He staggered on his feet, that close were set,
Like one by slumbers or by fever broke.
The serpent him, he eyed the serpent yet,
One by the mouth, the other through the wound,
Fumed violently, and the fumings met.

These specimens will show that the duty of a translator to re-produce not merely the bare sense of his original, but also the character of his style, has been fulfilled by Mr. Cayley with more than ordinary feeling and skill. The most pleasing instances of this success will of course be sought in passages less rebellious to the hand, and remarkable for their native beauty. The celebrated episodes have been so often handled, that we shall rather turn to another, less known, but scarcely less exquisite, than those which every one has heard. It is from the close of the twenty-sixth Canto. Readers of Tennyson will be pleased to compare his treatment of the subject with Dante's more brief, and certainly not less impressive, record of the last Voyage of Ulysses.—

Thereat the old-world flame his taller spire
Began to flicker, with a murmuring
As that of one which fiftful breezes stir;
Then to and fro his peak heendering,
As if it were the tongue he spoke within,
Threw forth a voice, this language syllabing;
"When I took leave of Circe, who in thrall
Had kept me off Cæta's bove a year,
Before Eneas did the strand so call,
No aged father's wretchedness, nor dear
Child's aspect, nor the love so nobly earned,
That should have made Penelope's glad cheer,
Could the great passion quell with which I burned,
To get me knowledge of the globe, and be
One that the vice and worth of man had learned.
And forth upon the deep and unshut sea
I launched us with one boat, and that small train
Of comrades that had not forsaken me;
I saw this coast and that as far as Spain,
And as the Sardinians' island, and the rest
Which that sea washes, and the Moors' domain.
And I and all my crew were age-oppressed
And stiffened, when we reached that narrow strait,
Where Hercules his bounding columns placed,
That man should not go further penetrate;
And passing now Scylla upon the right,
And Ceuta toward the left of ocean's gate,
O comrades, who to this far-west, in spite,
Said I, 'of danger's million threats have run,
For this brief gloaming of perception's light
That we inherit still, ere life is done,
Be loth to abdicate the experience
Of yon unpeopled world behind the sun;
Consider that original from whence
Ye spring, to live not like the beasts, but strain
After all knowledge and all excellence.'
And by this little speech I made so fain
My comrades for the voyage, that back to warn
Them afterwards I might have sought in vain.
And having turned our poop against the morn,
We made our sails wings for the mad empirio,
And further ever toward the left were borne,
And now night looked on us with all the eyes

Of yonder pole, and ours had so declined,
As hardly from the ocean-floor to rise.
Five times had been rekindled, five had pined,
Since first we entered on the daring way,
That shewn by which the moon is underlined,
When there appeared to us a mountain grey
From distance, and far loftier to view
Than all which I had seen before that day.
We joyed, and soon it gave us cause to rue,
When rose a whirlwind from that coast new-found
That on the vessel's foremost corner flew
And thrice, with all his waters, whirled us round
Till up our poop was lifted at the will
Of whom I name not and our bows were drowned;
Then the shut waves above my head were still."

These passages speak for themselves, and may serve to describe the qualities of a version of which they are only fair specimens. Let us merely add, that readers who cannot enjoy Dante in the Italian will here find his sense in general precisely rendered, and his manner so far preserved that the poem in its new dress must at once be recognized as a work of the highest order. This translation, in short, will be felt to preserve—as all translations should—much of what commands admiration in the original. It must, however, be added, as a serious deduction from this praise, that those who have no other knowledge of Dante will lose a full third of his intention here, from the total want of notes or explanations, quite indispensable to the understanding of his frequent allusions,—which the Italians themselves, indeed, have never been able to dispense with. This is a culpable omission; for which it is no excuse to say that such commentaries may easily be found elsewhere,—and that other editions of the 'Inferno,' especially the last, by Dr. Carlyle, have left nothing to be supplied in this respect. An English translation of the 'Divine Comedy' can have no wide or permanent value but for plain English readers; and they may fairly expect that whoever offers them a performance of this class shall present it with all necessary means of enjoying it thoroughly. This in an edition like Mr. Cayley's is impossible. In the 'Divine Comedy' every page, we may say, abounds in passages which are mere riddles until the allusion is pointed out,—and these no editor has a right to leave entirely dark to all who may not choose to resort to some other work for a solution that it was his duty to have given.

We had noted some places where the express meaning of the poet seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Cayley; but as these are not many, while his general exactness is remarkable, they may fairly pass under the title of venial errata. It is surely no ground for surprise or blame, that some imperfections may be found, here and there, in a work the enormous difficulty of which has on the whole been overcome with notable mastery.

LITERATURE OF THE EXHIBITION.

A column or so will enable us to clear accounts with readers and writers of books connected with the Great Exhibition for the present. First, let us say—in duty to the contractors for the Catalogue, whose labours have been about the most unremitting and at the same time the most thankless of those connected with the vast undertaking,—that the 'Third Corrected and Improved Edition' of the General Catalogue has made its appearance. Though the Catalogue is not, and never can be, perfect until the building itself shall be closed in October,—for new articles are still in course of being added almost daily to the collection, especially in the English department,—we recognize a continued care in editing, evidenced by great improvements in the classification and description of the contents. Among the enlarged sectional divisions of the great Catalogue, we have before us—*The Austrian Section*, compiled by Mr. Wylie Barrow, and illustrated with an industrial map of the Austrian empire, and

much tabular and other matter,—and a detailed account of *The Tasmanian Contributions*. The former presents, in a brief and authentic shape, most valuable information as to the social economy, the industrial enterprise, and the manufacturing resources of the great Eastern power; the latter conveys, in an equally clear and authentic way, a statement of the outward facts—the natural produce, the art, energy and industry—of one of the most interesting of our own colonies.—The Third Part of the 'Official Illustrated Catalogue' has also made its appearance.

But all illustrated catalogues must give way before the *Illustrated Catalogue* which has been in course of periodical publication by the proprietors of the *Art-Journal*,—and is now completed in one magnificent volume. Among its multiplied records, the great Industrial Gathering of 1851 can scarcely be expected to leave behind it any literary or pictorial record more interesting or attractive than this superb publication. The volume opens with a 'History of the Great Exhibition,'—profusely illustrated by views, elevations, and sections—exterior and interior—of the marvellous building in which it is contained; and this is succeeded by wood engravings of a multitude of the objects of interest and beauty which the Arts of the world have therein assembled,—produced under the superintendence of Messrs. Dalziel, and printed, by hand, at the presses of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, on a rich paper prepared for the purpose,—to a number which we cannot venture to guess. Suffice it to say, that upwards of three hundred and twenty folio pages are covered over with these illustrations,—accompanied with a sufficient thread of letter-press description. The wood engravings are rich, striking, and effective,—offering admirable examples of the condition of the art amongst us; and Messrs. Bradbury & Evans may well point to the volume as evidence of their skill in wood-block printing.—Following this crowd of examples, we have an 'Essay on the Science of the Exhibition,' by Mr. Robert Hunt,—an 'Essay on the Harmony of Colours, as exemplified in the Exhibition,' by Mrs. Merrifield,—an 'Essay on the Vegetable Kingdom, as illustrated in the Exhibition,' by Professor Forbes,—an 'Essay on the Machinery of the Exhibition as applicable to Manufacture,' by Professor Gordon,—and the Essay on 'The Exhibition, as a Lesson in Taste' for which the proprietors of the *Art-Journal* awarded a prize of one hundred guineas to Mr. Wornum.—As a mere Book of Beauty for the drawing-room table, such a volume furnishes a fund of great and various interest: but it is as a record of the Great Exhibition fast drawing to its close that the book has a permanent value as an addition to the library,—for those who did see the gathering, and for those who did not. They who did, may here again and again refresh memories which are amongst the most remarkable and pleasant of their lives,—and they who did not, may gather here some lively impressions of a scene such as the world will in all probability never see again.

Connected with the Official Catalogues, as supplement and complement to them, is Mr. Robert Hunt's *Hand-Book*, now completed. This little volume—small enough for the reticule or the coat pocket—is not a dry detail of facts and figures, names and numbers. It goes briefly—but for popular purposes sufficiently—into the science, art and history of the interesting materials which constitute the world's industrial gathering. If the thing named be a vegetable production, its natural history is stated, as well as the story of its discovery and of the purposes to which it is applied; if it be a machine, its invention and improvements are noted, its effects on manufactures suggested, and whatever else

may be of interest to the inquirer is briefly referred to:—and so throughout. The amount of scientific knowledge here compressed into something less than five hundred pages is astonishing; and this knowledge is not of an encyclopædic character, such as might be easily compiled from books,—but fresh and recent on all subjects, more especially in the departments of science. The most instructive guide to the Exhibition while it is open,—we have no doubt that this Hand-Book will become hereafter one of the most popular mementoes and histories of the actual gathering of the nations.

Mr. Charles Knight, ever ready to "take time by the forelock," has issued the first number of a new work, entitled *Curiosities of Industry and the Applied Sciences*. The work is devoted to have for general subjects, "Industry under its novelties and rarities,—its comparative condition in all countries,—its progress at home, especially during the present century,—its essential adaptations to cheapness of production, and its extension under a system of universal intercourse." The first number is devoted to Glass and Iron:—the history, progress and processes of which important materials are described at great length. The work is intended to form a supplement to Mr. Knight's former series, 'The National Cyclopædia' and 'The Cyclopædia of Industry of All Nations.'

Those who have a fancy for sermons, lay or clerical, composed in the orthodox fashion of "firstly, secondly, thirdly," may find in *The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry; or, the Possible Future of Europe and the World*, something to their taste. Prince Albert is presented as the connecting link between the two edifices named in the title:—he laid the foundation stone of the first, and took a still more prominent part in the history of the second. Out of these facts the preacher evolves a set of propositions which would seem to promise a long future reign of peace on earth and good will to all men. There is no great novelty in this, it will be confessed. Yet, though there scarcely needed a new volume to tell the world this truth,—we must bear witness to the zeal, good temper, and Christian charity in which it is stated and enforced. Indeed, we have no objection to 'The Royal Exchange and the Palace of Industry' except its prosiness.

The Palace of Glass and the Gathering of the People: a Book for the Exhibition, is a volume belonging to the same class as the last,—but in its class it is of higher conception and finer execution. The headings of the various chapters will give an idea of the ground here traced:—"The Poet's dream," alluding to Chaucer's magnificent prevision of the Crystal Palace,—"Contrasts between the past and present,"—"Voices of hope and warning,"—"Associations secular and sacred,"—"Beneficial results, probable and possible,"—"Lessons, pertinent and practical." The various themes here named or suggested are discussed in a picturesque and poetical fashion,—and the morals of the "gathering of the people" are well brought out. Altogether, this is one of the most readable books on the Exhibition yet published.

The Hymn for All Nations, 1851, by M. F. Tupper, D.C.L., is at least a philological and typographical curiosity. The hymn—"would it were worthier!"—is translated into thirty different languages, and printed in the characters of each country. The printer has done his work very creditably.

Of a long and furious pamphlet, by "an Egyptian," entitled *Our Heartless Policy*, and dedicated to "the high-minded and reflecting of all nations at the approaching Exhibition," we can give but an unsatisfactory account; being

unable to make out the aim of the writer,—unless, as we suspect, he may have some strange notion of helping in this fashion the anti-gallows movement. But not having made out so much with certainty, we will not risk leading any of our readers astray by recommending them to add it to their literary collections on that subject.

Rides on Railways leading to the Lake and Mountain Districts of Cumberland, &c. By Samuel Sidney. Orr & Co.

It is a peculiarity of Mr. Sidney's book that, wherever he goes—to the lake and mountain districts of Cumberland, to North Wales, or to the dales of Derbyshire,—his Arcadia is still in Cheapside:—the sound of Bow bells is ringing in his ears, and giving the key-note to all that he thinks. Throughout the little work before us there is mixed up with much sensible information and a very readable style, a vein of conceit that provokes a laugh almost as often as the former qualities command approbation.—Nor must the reader look much to Mr. Sidney's pages for any large amount of novel information. He takes but little knowledge of his subject with him; but with the skill of an observer who has Sir Henry Wotton's travelling recommendation at heart—"Thoughts close, looks loose,"—he brings back a fair share of observation, and succeeds in putting it very pleasantly on paper.

Mr. Sidney is more at home at Birmingham and Manchester than at Chatsworth or Oxford. He either knows little about Art and antiquities, or shows great indifference to them; and apparently he is not over-well versed in English or in Scottish history. He hurries past Althorp as if that interesting mansion were without pictures, books, and associations,—talks of the Earl of Spencer in a manner to disqualify him for the task of assisting Mr. Rumsey Forster in his 'Pocket Peerage and Baronetage,'—and when describing Peterborough (a place but little to his liking), takes pains to tell us that Mary, Queen of Scots, is buried in Peterborough Cathedral: forgetting, if he ever knew, that King James the First removed his mother's remains from Peterborough to Westminster,—where they still rest under her marble effigy, thought to be the most trustworthy likeness existing of the unfortunate queen.

As a specimen of this writer's manner, here is a bit of flippancy about Oxford.—

"The only local manufactures of Oxford, except gentlemen, are boots, leather-breeches, and boats; these last in great perfection. The regattas and rowing-matches on the Isis are very exciting affairs. From the narrowness of the stream, they are rather chases than races; the winners cannot pass, but must pursue and bump their competitors. The many silent, solitary wherries, urged by vigorous skilful arms, give, on a summer evening, a pleasing life to river-side walks, although that graceful flower, the pretty pink bonnet and parasol, peculiar to the waters of Richmond and Hampton, is not often found growing in the Oxford wherry. Comedies, in the shape of slanging matches with the barges, are less frequent than formerly, and melodramatic fistic combats still less frequent."

Here is a bit of advice, involving at least three months' reading.—

"We should advise you, before passing a day at Blenheim, to refresh your memory with the correspondence of the age of Queen Anne and her successors, including Swift, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Walpole; not forgetting the letters of Duchess Sarah herself, and D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' for the history of the building of Blenheim, and how the Duchess worried the unfortunate architect, Vanbrugh."

The Liverpool young gentlemen are, we hope, somewhat hardly treated by the author.—

"In Bold-street is the Palatine, a miniature copy of the Clubs of Pall Mall: at the doors and windows may be seen, in the intervals of business, a number

of young gentlemen trying very hard to look as if they had nothing to do but dress fine and amuse themselves. But so far from being the idle fellows they would be thought, the majority are hardworking merchants and pains-taking attorneys, who bet a little, play a little, dote upon a lord, and fancy that by being excessively supercilious in the *rococo* style of that poor heathen bankrupt Brummel, they are performing to perfection the character of men of fashion. This, the normal state of young Liverpool, at a certain period the butterfly becomes a grub, a money grub, and abandoning brilliant cravats, primrose gloves, and tight shiny boots, subsides into the respectable heavy father of genteel comedy, becomes a churchwarden, a patron of charities, a capitalist, and a highly respectable member of society. The Manchester man is abrupt, because his whole soul is in the money-making business of the day; the Liverpool gentleman's icy manners are part of his costume. The 'cordial dodge,' which has superseded Brummel's listless style in the really fashionable world, not having yet found its way down by the express train to the great mart of cotton-wool."

The best portion of the book relates to Birmingham;—and from this we extract the following suggestive passage about "Coffin Ornaments."

"The manufacture of ornaments for coffins is a very important part of the trade, and it is curious to find, that even in this last concession to human vanity, there is a constant demand for new designs. Who is it that examines and compares the ornaments of one coffin with that of another? We never heard of the survivors of a deceased examining an undertaker's patterns. And yet, a house which consumes forty tons of cast iron per annum for coffin handles, stated to the gentleman to whose letters we are indebted for this information, 'Our travellers find it useless to show themselves with their pattern-books at an undertaker's, unless they have something tasteful, new, and uncommon. The orders for Ireland are chiefly for gilt furniture for coffins. The Scotch, also, are fond of gilt, and so are the people in the west of England. But the taste of the English is decidedly for black. The Welsh like a mixture of black and white. Coffin lace is formed of very light stamped metal, and is made of almost as many patterns as the ribbons of Coventry. All our designs are registered, as there is a constant piracy going on which it is necessary to check.'"

From the same portion of the book we copy the following passage about "Steel Pens:—"decidedly preferring for ourselves, however, to introduce it through the agency of a quill.—

"All the steel pens made in England, and a great many sold in France, Germany, and America, whatever names or devices they may bear, are manufactured in Birmingham. In this respect, as in many others of the same nature, the Birmingham manufacturers are very accommodating, and quite prepared to stamp on their productions the American Eagle, the Cap of Liberty, the effigy of Pío Nono, or of the Comte de Chambord, if they get the order, the cash, or a good credit. And they are very right; their business is to supply the article, the sentiment is merely a matter of taste. There are eighteen steel pen manufacturers in the Birmingham Directory, and eight penholder makers. Two manufacturers employ about 1,000 hands, and the other seventeen about as many more. We can most of us remember when a long hard steel pen, which required the nicest management to make it write, cost a shilling, and was used more as a curiosity than as a useful comfortable instrument. About 1820, or 1821, the first gross of three-ait pens was sold wholesale at 74. 4s. the gross of twelve dozen. A better article is now sold at 6d. a gross. The cheapest pens are now sold wholesale at 2d. a gross, the best at from 3s. 6d. to 5s.; and it has been calculated that Birmingham produces not less than a thousand million steel pens every year. America is the best foreign customer, in spite of a duty of twenty-four per cent.; France ranks next, for the French pens are bad and dear. Mr. Gillott, who is one of the very first in the steel-pen trade, rose by his own mechanical talents and prudent industry from a very humble station. He was, we believe, a working mechanic, and invented the first machine for making steel pens, which for a

long period he worked with his own hands; he makes a noble use of the wealth he has acquired; his manufacture is in every respect a model for the imitation of his townsmen, as we shall show when we say a few words about the condition of the working population; a liberal patron of our best modern artists, he has made a collection of their works, which is open to the inspection of any respectable stranger."

When Mr. Sidney's book shall reach a second edition,—which it well deserves to do, notwithstanding its defects—we would recommend the removal of much of the conceit, and the introduction of a larger and better supply of information relative to works of Art. Mr. Sidney, as we have said, can write pleasantly:—let him think it worth his while to instruct his readers in other matters than the manufacture of steel pens and of pearl buttons.

The History of Mary, Queen of Scots. By F. A. Mignet. 2 vols. Vol. II. Bentley.

HAVING in our review of Prince Labanoff's collection of the Mary Stuart Correspondence [see *Athen.* Nos. 912, 913, 914, and 920] entered at great length into the controversial part of the Queen's history,—and then stated opinions which are very slightly, if at all, modified by the new facts adduced by M. Mignet,—our readers will not expect us to go through these present volumes, arguing small points or protesting against every inference that we may think open to dispute. We dealt with the question of evidence when evidence was before us. Now that an historian has been found uniting many of the most necessary gifts—learning, industry, conscientiousness, and impartiality—with vigour of thought and a well-compressed style,—it will be more satisfactory to our readers and to ourselves if we give him the larger share of hearing in our critical court.

The flight of Mary into England before the avengers of Darnley's murder was as embarrassing to Elizabeth as in the end it proved fatal to herself. What could be done with such a fugitive? M. Mignet considers that there were three courses open to Elizabeth. She might have carried her back to Edinburgh at the head of an English army,—granted her the right, to which an ordinary stranger might be deemed entitled, of simple hospitality,—or allowed her to retire to France, or any other country on the Continent that she might prefer.—

"But [says M. Mignet] in his opinion all these three courses were fraught with danger. She feared that if Mary Stuart regained her throne, she would make some arrangement with the Court of Rome and the Catholic Princes of the Continent for the purpose of overthrowing the Protestant party in Scotland, and would then resume her pretensions to the crown of England. In the second place, if she remained at liberty in England, she might become a permanent cause of agitation—a centre for the intrigues and plots of the numerous and powerful body of English Catholics, who, considering her to be their legitimate sovereign, would enter readily into any scheme she might propose, and would probably revolt in her favour. Lastly, if she retired into France, she might, in concert with her uncles and their allies, prepare a military expedition for the subjugation of Scotland, which would compel Elizabeth to maintain the authority of the Regent and defend the interests of Protestantism in that country, and would expose her to the formidable consequences of another conflict. Her own experience had led her to believe that positions were stronger than promises, and the necessities of policy superior to the sentiments of gratitude; and she could not conceive it possible that Mary Stuart could become her devoted friend and affectionate kinswoman, as she had promised. She therefore listened only to the dictates of State-policy, which had been her sole guide for nearly forty years; and she resolved to keep in her hands the imprudent Queen who had thrown herself upon her generosity. By so doing, she hoped to be able to insure her pre-

ponderance in Scotland and to consolidate her strength in England."

The murder of Darnley, Elizabeth's cousin, furnished a plausible pretext for her detention. Mary's refusal to admit an inquiry into her conduct, on the ground that she, as a queen, was answerable for her conduct to no earthly tribunal—is not likely to find much sympathy with modern readers. But the pride and obstinacy which were the characteristic and fatal endowments of her race had in her the excuse of youth, inexperience, and many wrongs. From the first, she was treated as a prisoner by the English queen. Gusman de Silva, the Spanish ambassador, describes to his master the lodgings assigned to her at Carlisle.—

"The room which she occupies [he writes] is gloomy, being lighted only by one casement, latticed with iron bars. You go to it through three other rooms, which are guarded and occupied by hackbutterers. In the last of these, which forms the antechamber to the Queen's apartment, resides Lord Scrope, the governor of the border districts. The Queen has only three of her women with her. Her servants and domestics sleep out of the castle. The doors are not opened until ten o'clock in the morning. The Queen is allowed to go as far as the church in the town, but she is always accompanied by a hundred hackbutterers. She requested Scrope to send her a priest to say mass; but he answered that there were no priests in England."

Meanwhile, her son James, afterwards James the First of England, ascended the throne, and the Earl of Murray, her half-brother, was appointed Regent. Under his able and energetic rule Scotland promised gradually to emerge from barbarism into some degree of civilization. The licence of the powerful nobles was repressed,—order, long unknown in Scotland, was re-established,—law was more impartially administered,—and the towns began to acquire a degree of importance in the State to which they had hitherto been strangers. It was in pure gratitude that the people bestowed on him the title of the "Good Regent":—a title which history, too seldom called on for such ratifications, is glad to counterclaim. But no man could long hold his ground in a society so passionate and savage as that of Scotland in the sixteenth century. What open war or secret intrigues could not effect—the downfall of the sagacious statesman—a private avenger undertook to achieve. M. Mignet has carefully collected the particulars of this great crime.—

"James Hamilton, of Bothwell-Haugh, had sworn a deadly hatred to the Regent. Taken prisoner at the battle of Langside, he had recovered his liberty by the arrangement made at Glasgow on the 13th of March, 1569, by the Regent and the Duke of Châtelleraut. But he had been stripped of all his property. Confiscation, which ruined the vanquished to enrich the victors, was the least baneful effect of these civil wars; and this unpleasant consequence of defeat would probably have been submitted to with resignation by Bothwell-Haugh, if it had not been iniquitously extended over his wife, who ought not to have shared in his punishment, as she had not participated in his offence. She possessed the small estate of Woodhouselee, on the river Esk; and this had been taken from her, and given to Bellenden, one of the most devoted, but most insatiate, of the Regent's creatures. The injustice of this robbery was increased by the cruelty with which it was perpetrated. In the midst of a winter's night the unfortunate wife of Bothwell-Haugh was driven by Bellenden from the humble abode to which she had retired, and left to wander half-clothed in a wood till morning. When morning came, she was furiously mad; despair had turned her brain. From that day an implacable thirst for vengeance took possession of the heart of Bothwell-Haugh. He resolved to slay the Regent, to whom he attributed the desolation of his household. Several times he attempted to effect his purpose, but without success. His hatred, encouraged by the Hamiltons, eagerly sought an opportunity for punishing the author of his ruin, and

laying low the oppressor of his party. This opportunity ere long presented itself. The Regent was on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, and intended to pass through Linlithgow. In the High Street of this last-named town, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, uncle of Bothwell-Haugh, possessed a house in front of which Murray and his cavalcade would necessarily pass. This house was placed at the disposal of Bothwell-Haugh, who made every preparation for the unflinching performance of the act of vengeance which he had concerted with the Hamiltons. He took his station in a small room, or wooden gallery, which commanded a full view of the street. To prevent his heavy footsteps being heard, for he was booted and spurred, he placed a feather-bed on the floor; to secure against any chance observation of his shadow, which, had the sun broke out, might have caught the eye, he hung up a black cloth on the opposite wall; and, having barricaded the door in front, he had a swift horse ready saddled in the stable at the back. Even here his preparations did not stop; for, observing that the gate in the wall which enclosed the garden was too low to admit a man on horseback, he removed the lintel stone, and, returning to his chamber, cut in the wooden panel immediately below the lattice window where he watched a hole just sufficient to admit the barrel of his caliver. Having taken these precautions, he loaded the piece with four bullets, and calmly awaited his victim. Murray had spent the night in a house in the neighbourhood. Rumours had reached him of the danger by which he was threatened. One of his friends had even persuaded him to avoid the High Street, and pass round by the back of the town. But the crowd, pressing round him, rendered it impossible for him to do so; and he rode onwards through Linlithgow, with calm courage, amidst the acclamations of the populace. He proceeded at a slow pace along the High Street till he reached the Archbishop's house. He was thus exposed to the fire of the assassin, who, taking deliberate aim, discharged his caliver. The Regent, shot right through the lower part of his body, fell mortally wounded. At this sight, the crowd rushed towards the house from whence the shot had been fired. But whilst they were endeavouring to break down the door, Bothwell-Haugh, escaping at the back, had mounted his horse and fled at full speed in the direction of Hamilton Castle. Here he was received in triumph by Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Arbroath, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who welcomed him as the deliverer of their party. Murray expired on the same day, the 23rd of January, 1570, in a state of noble calmness and fervent piety. His death caused immense joy to all Mary Stuart's partisans in Scotland, and gave unmixed satisfaction to all the Catholic Princes of Europe."

Mary's party rose in arms. They seized the capital of the country. The most powerful nobles flocked to her standard; and they would have soon deposed the boy-king and re-proclaimed their queen had Elizabeth not sent an English force into Scotland. We now pass over long years of constant intrigues with her partisans in Scotland,—with the enemies of England abroad and with the Catholic party in this country,—of new passions leading to disastrous projects,—of premature insurrections in her cause in the North,—of her various changes of residences and keepers, as Bartholomew massacres in France, threats of invasion from Spain, or thunders from Rome came in to rouse the jealousy of Elizabeth or fire the Protestant zeal of her subjects. We will not dwell in this place on the preliminary suggestions, the despicable espionage and underhand practices,—dignified in that age with the name of state-craft,—by which Walsingham led the unhappy lady into direct complicity in the Babington conspiracy, and so on to her doom:—having already done so on a former occasion [see *Athen.* No. 920]. We pass on to the last mournful scene of this varied and tragic life. Since the events at Fotheringhay Castle were last painted by an historian, hundreds of Mary's letters have been printed for the first time in Prince Labanoff's collection,—

N^o 124
that M. M.
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is here de-
The ser-
had writ-
Elizabeth
had almost
her cousin
"Such a
Darnley arriv-
He had ta-
times, and
the Queen
hastened to
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The two Es-
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that M. Mignet's narrative is the only one which we possess built on all the known materials of the case. For this reason, and for the sake of the melancholy interest, we shall reproduce in our columns the principal passages in which it is here described.

The sentence had been pronounced. Mary

had written her last and most touching letter to Elizabeth [see *Athen.* No. 920, p. 587]. She had almost resigned every hope of mercy from her cousin and rival.—

* Such were the fears of Mary Stuart when Robert Beale arrived at Fotheringay on the 5th of February. He had taken along with him the London executioner, and after making known to Paulet and Drury the Queen's order and the wishes of the Council, he listened to the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, to present the royal commission, which they were charged to see executed on the morning of the 8th. The two Earls, the Secretary of the Privy Council, and the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, proceeded to Fotheringay, where they were all assembled before mid-day on the 7th. At sight of this unusual concourse, the poor servants of the Queen of Scots, respecting the misfortune which awaited them, were seized with inexpressible alarm. As for Mary, she was at the time confined to bed by her customary ailments. About two o'clock, the two Earls desired to speak to her; she sent them word that she was indisposed, but that she would rise if the business they had to communicate was pressing. Learning from them in reply that the business would not admit of delay, she dressed herself, and seating herself before a small work-table which stood at the foot of her bed, she awaited their approach with the greatest calmness. Her women and the greater part of her servants were around her. The Grand Marshal of England, accompanied by the Earl of Kent, and followed by Beale, Paulet, and Drury, advanced uncovered, and, bowing respectfully to her, informed her that the sentence which had been signified to her by Lord Buckhurst two months and a half before, must now be put into execution, the Queen their mistress being compelled thereto by the solicitations of her subjects. Mary listened to him without exhibiting any emotion, and she afterwards heard the warrant read by Beale, containing the order for her death. When he had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross. 'God be praised,' said she, 'for the news you bring me. I could receive none better, for it announces to me the conclusion of my miseries, and the grace which God has granted me to die for the honour of his name and of his Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. I did not expect such a happy end, after the treatment I have suffered and the dangers to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country:—I, born a Queen, the daughter of a king, the granddaughter of Henry VII., the near relation of the Queen of England, Queen Dowager of France, and who, though a free princess, have been kept in prison without legitimate cause, though I am subject to nobody, and recognise no superior in this world, excepting God.' Viewing herself as a victim to her religious faith, she experienced the pure joy of the martyr, partook of its sweet serenity, and maintained to the last its tranquil courage. She again disavowed the project of assassinating Elizabeth, and, placing her hand on the New Testament which lay on the small table before her, she solemnly declared; 'I never either conceived or sought after the death of the Queen of England, and I never consented to it.' On hearing these words, the Earl of Kent told her, with fanatic rudeness, that the book on which she had sworn was the book of the Papists, and that her oath was worth no more than her book. 'It is the book in which I believe,' replied Mary; 'do you suppose my oath would be more sincere if I took it on yours, in which I do not believe?' The Earl of Kent then advised her to renounce what he called her superstitions, and offered her the aid of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, who would teach her the true faith, and prepare her for death. Mary energetically rejected this offer, as being repugnant to her religious belief, and she requested that they would restore her almoner, who had again been removed from her for several days past. The two Earls had the cruelty and the infamy to refuse this religious consolation to a Queen on the

eve of her death. Neither would they grant her the short delay she asked in order to write out her will carefully, and to make her final arrangements. Then, in answer to her inquiry as to the hour when she was to die, 'To-morrow, madam,' said the Earl of Shrewsbury, 'about eight o'clock in the morning.' When the two Earls had quitted her presence, Mary set about consoling her servants, who were bathed in tears. She ordered her supper earlier, so as to have the whole night for writing and praying. She ate but little, according to her custom. Bourgoign, her physician, waited on her at table; her *matre d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, having been removed from her at the same time with her almoner. She spoke of the Earl of Kent's attempt to convert her, and said, with a smile, that it would require a different sort of doctor to persuade her. After supper, she summoned all her servants, and, pouring out some wine into a goblet, she drank to them, and, in an affectionate manner, called upon them to pledge her in return. They all fell on their knees, and, with tears in their eyes, replied to her toast with sorrowful effusion, asking pardon of her for any offences they might have committed against her. She told them she forgave them with good-will, and begged them also to pardon her for any uneasiness she might have caused them. She exhorted them to continue firm to the Catholic religion, and to live in peace and friendship with each other. Nau was the only one of whom she spoke with bitterness, accusing him of having often sown dissension among them, and of being the cause of her death. She then withdrew, and was occupied for several hours in writing, with her own hand, some letters, and her Will, of which she appointed the Duke of Guise the chief executor. As the greater part of the legacies she bequeathed could not be paid, except out of her dowry, which would revert to the King of France at her death, she earnestly commended to Henry III. her memory and her last settlements. 'You have always protested that you loved me,' she said; 'show it now by helping me, for charity's sake, in what I cannot do without you, which is to recompense my afflicted servants, by leaving them their wages, and in causing prayers to be made to God for a Queen who has been styled Most Christian, and who dies a Catholic deprived of all her means.' It was near two o'clock in the morning when she had finished writing. * * * Feeling somewhat fatigued, and, wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed. Her women continued praying; and, during this last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed, it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak she arose, saying that she had only two hours to live. She picked out one of her handkerchiefs, with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she made Bourgoign read over to them her will, which she then signed; and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and presents, of which they were to be the bearers to the princes of her family, and her friends on the Continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous evening, her rings, jewels, furniture, and dresses; and she now gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the five thousand crowns which remained over to her. With finished grace, and with affecting kindness, she mingled her consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them for the affliction into which her death would soon throw them. 'You could not see,' says an eye-witness, 'any change, neither in her face, nor in her speech, nor in her general appearance; she seemed to be giving orders about her affairs just as if she were merely going to change her residence from one house to another.'

She now retired to her oratory, where she was for some time engaged in reading the prayers for the dead. A loud knocking at the door interrupted these funeral orisons; she bade the intruders wait a few minutes.—

* Shortly afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, there was a fresh knocking at the door, which this time was opened. The Sheriff entered, with a white wand in his hand, advanced close to Mary, who had

not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: 'Madam, the Lords await you, and have sent me to you.' 'Yes,' replied Mary, rising from her knees, 'let us go.' Just as she was moving away, Bourgoign handed to her the ivory crucifix which stood on the altar; she kissed it, and ordered it to be carried before her. Not being able to support herself alone, on account of the weakness of her limbs, she walked, leaning on two of her own servants, to the extremity of her apartments. Having arrived at that point, they, with peculiar delicacy, which she felt and approved, desired not to lend her themselves to execution, but entrusted her to the support of two of Paulet's servants, and followed her in tears. On reaching the staircase, where the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent awaited Mary Stuart, and by which she had to descend into the lower hall, at the end of which the scaffold had been raised, they were refused the consolation of accompanying her further. In spite of their supplications and lamentations they were separated from her; not without difficulty, for they threw themselves at her feet, kissed her hands, clung to her dress, and would not quit her. When they had succeeded in removing them, she resumed her course with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, dressed in the widow's garb which she used to wear on days of great solemnity, consisting of a gown of dark crimson velvet with black satin corsage, from which chaplets and scapularies were suspended, and which was surmounted by a cloak of figured satin of the same colour, with a long train lined with sable, a standing-up collar, and hanging sleeves. A white veil was thrown over her, reaching from her head to her feet. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian. At the foot of the staircase she met her *matre d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, who had been permitted to take leave of her, and who, seeing her thus walking to her execution, fell on his knees, and, with his countenance bathed in tears, expressed his bitter affliction. Mary embraced him, thanked him for his constant fidelity, and enjoined him to report exactly to her son all that he knew, and all that he was about to witness. 'It will be,' said Melvil, 'the most sorrowful message I ever carried, to announce that the Queen, my sovereign and dear mistress, is dead.' 'Thou shouldst rather rejoice, good Melvil,' she replied, employing for the first time this familiar mode of address, 'that Mary Stuart has arrived at the close of her misfortunes. Thou knowest that this world is only vanity, and full of troubles and misery. Bear these tidings, that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotch-woman, a true French-woman. May God forgive those who have sought my death! The Judge of the secret thoughts and actions of men knows that I have always desired the union of Scotland and England. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of the kingdom, or his quality as king, nor derogated in any respect from our sovereign prerogative.'

The sentence was then read to her. She made a short speech, in which she repeated the words so frequently in her mouth, "I am queen born, not subject to the laws,"—and declared that she had never sought the life of her cousin Elizabeth. She then began to recite in Latin the Psalms of penitence and mercy,—a pious exercise rudely interrupted by the Dean of Peterborough and the Earl of Kent.—

"Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such *valets de chambre*. She then called Jenn Kennedy and Elizabeth Curil, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking, that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of her grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. 'Instead of weeping, rejoice,' she said; 'I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause.' She then laid down her cloak, and took off her

veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then, seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them, and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping. At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: 'My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands.' She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works, perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her; yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating the blow, that the executioner struck off her head, which he held up, saying, 'God save Queen Elizabeth.' 'Thus,' added Dr. Fletcher, 'may all her enemies perish.'"

Thus terminated the career of this singularly unfortunate queen. "A victim," says the author in conclusion, "of the old feudalism and the new religious revolution of Scotland, she carried with her to the grave the hopes of absolute power and of Catholicism." This assertion is not borne out by the facts; but what M. Mignet attributes to Mary Stuart was finally accomplished by her descendants. Her grandson, Charles the First, expiated the pretension to absolute power on the block, and his son, James the Second, lost his crown through his attempt to restore the religion of his ancestors.

The translation of these volumes, chiefly made by Mr. Scoble, is smooth and vigorous; but when M. Mignet quotes English documents we could have wished that his translator had copied the exact words from the documents themselves,—a thing not difficult, since the works are in print,—instead of contenting himself with turning the French translation of them back again into English.

The Theory of Reasoning. By Samuel Bailey. Longman & Co.

IN a recent debate in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell felicitated himself on not being debarred, like the inhabitants of Rome, from reading Whately's 'Logic.' While perusing Mr. Bailey's 'Theory of Reasoning,' we have sometimes been inclined to think that if the Oxford *Dons* had it in their power to prevent the students of that University who are *in statu pupillari* from peeping into it by simply including it in an *index expurgatorius*, they would be glad to do so. Assuredly, Whately's supremacy at Oxford will be endangered if Bailey is much read there. Not that we mean to depreciate a work which has commanded universal admiration as the best exposition of syllogistic reasoning. Viewed in this particular light, it must ever maintain its ground against all rivals. As long as people are content to believe the principle which he so perseveringly maintains, that the syllogism is the type of all reasoning, they will still continue "to swear by him," and cannot do better than take his 'Logic' for their guide. But let any young student who is repelled by the harsh technicality of scholastic logic, dissatisfied with its limited scope, and discouraged at the difficulty of acting on its mechanical rules even in cases where they do apply, take up such a book as the present, or

John Stuart Mill's 'System of Logic,' and his faith in Whately will inevitably be shaken. He will be captivated by the more comprehensive aim of the two former writers, their deep penetration, and, above all, their constant reference from the sign to the thing signified. Instead of living in a world of shadows, he will be delighted to find himself in frequent converse with realities. Things, not mere words or symbols, will occupy his attention. Can there be a doubt that the result will be what we have indicated?

Mr. Bailey, who is well known as an able writer on morals, metaphysics, politics, and political economy, has in this work explained his views on the theory of reasoning,—that is to say, the nature of the process which takes place in the mind whenever it reasons, and the general principles by which it is guided. His theory, though, as he states, different in some respects from that of any previous writer, accords in the main with Mill's. The grand excellence of both is their *experimental* character. Both are based on the facts of consciousness or observation. The authors of both aspire to be simply interpreters of nature,—the laws of which, rather than the rules of art, are with them the subject of investigation.

According to Mr. Bailey, the mind reasons, either when it is led by the observation of certain facts to the belief of other facts hitherto unobserved,—or when it discerns "some fact, not directly manifest, through the medium of some other fact or facts in which it is implied." In the former case, we believe the existence or occurrence of facts beyond the sphere of our observation, because we have previously observed similar facts in similar circumstances. This is what is generally called moral, or more properly probable, reasoning,—but what Mr. Bailey terms "contingent reasoning." In the latter case, we discern intuitively that some hitherto unknown fact is necessarily involved or implied in a fact already known. This is demonstrative reasoning. The conclusion of contingent reasoning is termed conviction,—that of demonstrative reasoning discernment.—The number of facts necessary to enable us to arrive at the conclusion of contingent reasoning depends on the number "requisite for establishing a similarity in the influential circumstances of each case." When a complete resemblance is immediately discerned, a single previous instance may suffice to warrant an inference; but generally speaking, a comparison of many instances is necessary to distinguish accidental from essential similarity. The general principle on which contingent reasoning proceeds is, that similar events take place in similar circumstances. The cogency of this reasoning Mr. Bailey thinks not so much a matter of proof as of observation. If the facts used as evidence, when clearly set before the mind, determine it to the belief of the fact asserted in the conclusion, that ought to be enough to satisfy us. How it is that the observance of similarity has this effect on the mind, it is useless to inquire, since this is an ultimate fact or law of the mind.

Though demonstrative reasoning is more particularly employed in mathematical investigations, it is not inapplicable to other inquiries. The definite precision with which facts of quantity can be presented to the mind enables it to discern intuitively when one fact is implied in another. But syllogistic reasoning,—or, as Mr. Bailey prefers calling it, "class-reasoning"—though not concerned with facts of quantity, is also demonstrative:—the essence of demonstrative reasoning being, the discernment of one fact or proposition as necessarily involved in another,—or the perception that if one be true,

another must be so too. Mr. Bailey instances several cases of demonstrative reasoning which are neither mathematical nor come directly under the head of class-reasoning:—as, for instance, when we infer from the resemblance of a portrait to two different individuals that they must resemble each other; or that a man cannot have been robbed of a large sum of money, because it is known he had no money with him at the time. In all such cases, Mr. Bailey contends that the mind intuitively discerns the implication of the inferred fact in the fact previously known, without the aid of any intermediate axiom, though a general axiom may be deduced from each case. The previous statement of the general principle exemplified in the argument may sometimes be convenient, but adds nothing to the cogency of the reasoning. Thus, when we argue that because a man was in Edinburgh at a given time he cannot be guilty of having committed a robbery which took place in London at that time, we proceed on the principle that a man cannot be in two places at the same time; but the formal enunciation of this principle contributes nothing to the force of the argument.

A good deal of reasoning which is in form demonstrative, according to Mr. Bailey, really is contingent. These are his words.—

"The subject may be elucidated by an instance of reasoning similar to one before given.

All human beings, as far as observation has extended, have been found fallible;

Therefore, the unknown author of the book just put into my hands is fallible.

This, which is a good material argument,—an instance of forcible contingent reasoning,—may be converted into the following demonstration by assuming as a major premise the general law which is deducible from the preceding uniform fact.

All human beings are fallible;

Therefore, the author of this book is fallible.

It is obvious, nevertheless, that the real nature of the reasoning cannot be altered by changing the form in which it is expressed. The evidence of the fallibility of human beings consists in previous known instances of the intellectual qualities exhibited by them:—and the conclusion drawn from these instances is as to the intellectual qualities of a writer concerning whom we know nothing. The process is really inferring from what has existed in all similar—i.e. all other—cases, what exists in this case."

The premise of the first of the above arguments Mr. Bailey designates a *collective fact*—that of the second a *universal law*. We quite agree with him, that we have the same evidence for the truth of the collective fact as for that of the universal law,—and that consequently the conclusion in both cases really rests on the same foundation. Still, we doubt the propriety of saying that therefore the reasoning is the same. It may be, and we believe is, true that the first argument correctly represents the method in which men actually reason in such cases; but surely the connexion between the premise and the conclusion is much closer and more readily perceived in the second than in the first. If the general law be once admitted, the inference necessarily follows immediately, because it is at once seen to be implied in the premise. Whether it be right to assume the truth of the general law, is another question. Whately says:—"Logic is concerned only with the form in which an argument is expressed, and has nothing to do with the truth or falsity of the premises." Mr. Bailey appears to us to go to the other extreme when he maintains the identity of the reasoning in the two instances which we have been considering. At the same time, his method of deducing a conclusion from a collective fact rather than a general law has the advantage of being a true representation of what takes place in the mind, and not liable to the charge of a *petitio principii*. Such a charge

cannot be brought against the first of the above arguments, though justly applicable to the second.

On the subject of axioms, or self-evident truths, Mr. Bailey entertains the same notions as Locke, Stewart, and Mill. With them, he considers these axioms as generalizations of particular observed instances. Hence, he objects to "phraseology which implies that a conclusion is proved by any of these maxims, or in virtue of them, or is dependent upon them for its validity." He denies that Aristotle's celebrated *dictum de omni et nullo* is the universal principle of all reasoning. When reduced to its simplest form, it asserts that what is true of every individual of a class is true of any individual, which is, indeed, a self-evident truth, and therefore worthy to rank with other self-evident truths, but not entitled to a supremacy over them. The very fact of the existence of many axioms which cannot, he says, be considered particular instances of this one, shows that it is not the universal principle of reasoning. Of course, the dispute turns on the question whether he is right in maintaining that there are axioms which cannot be brought under the *dictum*. We must confess to some dissatisfaction with the way in which he discusses this point. He seems to argue that, because the use of the *dictum* as a major premise does not strengthen the reasoning, therefore it is not the principle of the reasoning. But may it not still be, as logicians maintain, "a generalized statement of all demonstration"? The objection that the *dictum* is not directly applicable to three out of the four logical figures, does not, in our opinion, amount to much; since the question is, whether syllogisms of these figures can be made to exemplify it at all,—and this Mr. Bailey admits can be done by conversion.

The syllogism finds no favour with Mr. Bailey. He treats it with less respect than even Mill:—less, indeed, than we think it deserves. Because he derives inferences from single facts, each capable of being expressed in a single proposition, and cannot perceive that the introduction of a second premise would add force to the reasoning,—he appears to argue that those are wrong who contend that "all reasoning may be thrown into the form of three propositions." To this we must demur. The question is not whether an argument may or may not be expressed with equal force and greater convenience by the omission of either the major or the minor premise,—but whether it may not be analyzed into the three elements of a syllogism, whatever be the form it assumes. To argue that because we often draw conclusions from one fact without being conscious of having more than one proposition before the mind, therefore the mental process cannot be resolved into three distinct steps,—seems to us just as unwarrantable as to maintain that we judge of the magnitude of visible objects by the use of the sight alone, because by practice we have acquired such a facility in taking distance into account, as to be conscious of only one operation.

In Mr. Bailey's remarks on the practical utility of the syllogistic method, we concur for the most part,—though here, too, we think his zeal carries him sometimes beyond due bounds. The rules of the scholastic system are unquestionably artificial and cumbersome. Some of them, however,—such as those relating to the detection of fallacies—are convenient and useful. We do not agree with Mr. Bailey that it is as easy to discover the fallacy of the *non-distribution of the middle term*, or the *illicit process of the major*, by merely considering the meaning of the major and minor premises, without any knowledge of the technical rules. Even if a person ignorant of these rules could perceive

that there is a flaw in the argument as quickly as a practised logician, he would not be so likely to point out where it lies. To depend wholly, or mainly, on these artificial aids, we think very objectionable; but we would not therefore abandon their use altogether. We cannot help thinking, in spite of all that Mr. Bailey has alleged to the contrary, that some practical knowledge of the syllogistic system of logic is a valuable discipline of the mind. We know no better way of forming precise, scrutinizing habits of thought.

It is superfluous to say, that we have derived much pleasure and advantage from the perusal of Mr. Bailey's treatise:—the main principles of which command our full consent, while the ability and clearness with which they are stated need no commendation of ours.

The Literature of the Rail. Reprinted by permission from 'The Times' of Saturday, 9th August, 1851, with a Preface. Murray.

UPWARDS of two years and a half have elapsed since (27th January, 1849) the 'Gossip' columns of the *Athenæum* contained the following novel information:—

"The new business in bookselling which the farming of the line of the North-Western Railway by Mr. Smith of the Strand is likely to open up, engages a good deal of attention in literary circles. This new shop for books will, it is thought, seriously injure many of the country booksellers, and remove at the same time a portion of the business transacted by London tradesmen. For instance, a country gentleman wishing to purchase a new book will give his order, not as heretofore, to the Lintot or Tonsom of his particular district, but to the agent of the bookseller on the line of railway—the party most directly in his way. Instead of waiting, as he was accustomed to do, till the bookseller of his village or of the nearest town can get his usual monthly parcel down from his agent in 'the Row'—he will find his book at the locomotive library, and so be enabled to read the last new novel before it is a little flat or the last new history in the same edition as the resident in London. A London gentleman hurrying from town with little time to spare will buy the book he wants at the railway station where he takes his ticket—or perhaps at the next, or third, or fourth, or at the last station (just as the fancy takes him) on his journey. It is quite possible to conceive such a final extension of this principle that the retail trade in books may end in a great monopoly:—nay, instead of seeing the *inspiration* of the Row or of Albemarle Street upon a book, the great recommendation hereafter may be 'Euston Square,' 'Paddington,' 'The Nine Elms,' or even 'Shoreditch.' Stokers may become authors in the intervals of business,—and electric wires touched by the fingers of genius may print a canto or a history at every station. It is told of Mickle, the translator of 'The Lusiad,' and himself a printer, that such was his facility of composition that he could compose as an author and as a printer simultaneously:—in other words, that he did without what is technically called 'copy.' Whatever may be the effect to the present race of booksellers of this change in their business,—it is probable that this new mart for books will raise the profits of authors. How many hours are wasted at railway stations by people well to do in the world, with a taste for books but no time to read advertisements or to drop in at a bookseller's to see what is new! Already it is found that the sale at these places is not confined to cheap or even ephemeral publications;—that it is not the novel or light work alone that is asked for and bought."

The prophecy of progress contained in the above paragraph has been fulfilled so far as the North-Western and Mr. Smith are concerned. His example, however, was not infectious for other lines; and till within the last three months, when the Great Northern copied the good precedent, and entered into a contract with Mr. Smith and his son, the greenest literature in dress and in digestion was all

that was offered to the wants of travellers by the directors of the South-Western, the Great Western, and other trunk and branch lines with which England is intersected. A traveller in the eastern, western and southern counties who does not bring his book with him can satisfy his love of reading only by the commonest and cheapest trash:—for the pretences to the appearance of a bookseller's shop made at Waterloo, at Shoreditch, at Paddington, and at London Bridge, are something ridiculous. This should not be. It says little for the public spirit of the directors of our railways that such a system should remain. Mr. Smith has, we believe, as many as thirty-five shops at railway stations, extending from London to Liverpool, Chester and Edinburgh. His great stations are at Euston Square, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, and Edinburgh. He has a rolling stock of books valued at 10,000*l*. We call his stock rolling, because he moves his wares with the inclinations of his readers. If he finds a religious feeling on the rise at Bangor, he withdraws Dickens and sends down Henry of Exeter and Mr. Bennett;—if a love for lighter reading is on the increase at Rugby, he withdraws Hallam and sends down Thackeray and Jerrold. He never undersells and he gives no credit. His business is a ready-money one, and he finds it his interest to maintain the dignity of literature by resolutely refusing to admit pernicious publications among his stock. He can well afford to pay the heavy fee he does for his privilege; for his novel speculation has been a decided hit—of solid advantage to himself and of permanent utility to the public.

We had not lost sight of this subject in the interval that has elapsed since we announced the contract entered into by Mr. Smith; and are glad to have our attention again directed to it by an article from the *Times*, reprinted, with a preface, by its unknown author. The principal object sought in giving a separate form to the article in question, is, to encourage the sale of a better class of books, and improve the tone both of literature and of morality. It will, however, not succeed in rendering this good service without the hearty co-operation of the directors of railways.—The following is a graphic picture of the growth of station book-shops. It occurs in the preface to the article:—

"The gradual rise of the Railway book-trade is a singular feature of our marvellous Railway era. In the first instance, when the scope and capabilities of the Rail had yet to be ascertained, the privilege of selling books, newspapers, &c. at the several stations, was freely granted to any who might think proper to claim it. Vendors came and went when and how they chose, their trade was of the humblest, and their profits were as varying as their punctuality. By degrees the business assumed shape, the newspaper man found it his interest to maintain a *locus standi* in the establishment, and the establishment in its turn discerned a substantial means of helping the poor or the deserving amongst its servants. A cripple maimed in the Company's service, or a married servant of a director or secretary, superseded the first batch of stragglers and assumed responsibility by express appointment. The responsibility, in truth, was not very great at starting. Railway travelling, at the time referred to, occupied but a very small portion of a man's time. The longest line reached only thirty miles, and no traveller required anything more solid than his newspaper for his hour's steaming. But as the iron lengthened, and as cities, remote from each other, were brought closer, the time spent in the railway carriage extended, travellers multiplied, and the newspaper ceased to be sufficient for the journey. At this period reading matter for the rail sensibly increased; the tide of cheap literature set in. French novels, not, unfortunately, of questionable character, were introduced by the newsman, simply because he could buy them at one third less than any other publication selling at the same price. The public purchased the wares they saw before

them, and very soon the ingenious caterers for railway readers flattered themselves that there was a general demand amongst all classes for the peculiar style of literature upon which it had been their good fortune to hit. The more eminent booksellers and publishers stood aloof, whilst others, less scrupulous, finding a market open and ready made to their hands, were only too eager to supply it. It was then that the *Parlour Library* was set on foot; immense numbers of this work were sold to travellers, and every addition to the stock was positively made on the assumption that persons of the better class, who constitute the larger portion of railway readers, lose their accustomed taste the moment they smell the engine and present themselves to the railway librarian.

The article has already done "yeoman's service,"—for, since its publication, the London and South-Western Railway directors have circulated printed "Conditions of Tender for Sale of Newspapers and Books at Stations." And Mr. Murray is about to hurry the appearance of a series of cheap and healthy publications to supplant the deleterious mixtures sold too frequently from the want of more wholesome food.—But the South-Western Company has yet, it would seem, to learn that liberality is an element of success in a novel undertaking,—and that its rules, by their narrowness, may defeat the very object which it has in view. The first condition required is, that the contract shall be for twelve months only, and subject to three months' notice. Now, it is wholly impossible to establish a proper bookselling business on a great line of railway in so short a time as a twelvemonth; and if it were possible, the period is too short to induce a respectable bookseller to undertake it. What security has he that his labours will not at the end of the year be put up again for competition, and that the ground which he has sown will not be reaped by another hand? The Company should tempt an enterprising and respectable bookseller by a lengthened period at a remunerative rate for both parties. A lease for three or five years would lead to exertion and to success,—while the twelvemonth will be a sorry inducement to a respectable house to "tender" any large sum worthy of the line.

That the Company is alive to the propriety of encouraging good literature by the rejection of the bad, is obvious from the seventh and eighth conditions. The seventh requires "such a supply as the Secretary of the Company shall think proper, of English and Foreign Guide or Train Books, to be provided at the principal stations;"—and the eighth empowers the Secretary "to prohibit the sale of any publication which he may consider objectionable." The Secretary is to sit, therefore, like a *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh* reviewer, or a critic in the *Athenæum*,—and to admit or reject as his good or bad taste, his party or his religious principles, may chance to lead him. A Bowdler of a secretary would encourage only Shakspeare mutilated by a Bowdler. A Censorship of the kind would be too imperial and intolerable,—and tempting to abuses of many and dangerous kinds.—It had been more to the point, and more to the service of literature, had the conditions required that all books should be sold,—as Mr. Smith sells them,—at the published prices. This is a subject of such consequence, that we shall possibly return to it.

John Drayton: being the History of the Early Life and Development of a Liverpool Engineer. Bentley.

TIMES are altered since the Baron de Grimm—a great authority in his day—declared that nothing could be worse adapted for purposes of fiction than the manners of the lower orders:—adding, with superb fastidiousness,—“the personages being all of a description which have

no existence in polished society, we can consequently feel no interest in their adventures.” We have changed all that. Novels faithfully represent the prevailing tendency of public taste. Some years ago they condescended to deal with nothing less transcendent than the sumptuous boudoirs of beautiful countesses,—the dinner parties of noble dukes—with details both of the dishes and of the company,—the heart-rending struggles of mammas and daughters to cross the shining portals of “Almack’s”:—they have now taken up an entirely different line. They seek for their heroes and heroines in the streets and gutters,—paint life in factories,—and discuss their lodging-houses, daily struggles and privations with the minuteness and zeal formerly bestowed on the “gilded saloons” and “superb equipages” of the aristocracy.

This vein has not yet been worked out. It is an unknown land,—a new world, of which we are still anxious to obtain tidings,—though, like all other imperfectly explored regions, it is filled with—

Shadowy people from the realm of dreams.

The true working artizan class in England does not lend itself readily to a fancy dress. With all the rugged strength and patient energy which might befit a race of giants, the people are rough and unlovely in their aspect:—therefore, fine ladies and gentlemen coming down to a manufacturing district expecting to find “Alton Lockes” and “Mary Bartons” would be sadly disappointed to see how different the real working classes are before they have undergone the dressing and docking of unseemly details to meet the exigencies of a work of art. It is not the very best thing that could befall the working class to be made up into novels and taught to admire themselves in print. The true history of many common working men would form a biography quite as interesting as any novel, although the interest would be entirely different. The worst of it is, that when men of that class attain sufficient skill to write what purposes to be their own life, they are invariably seduced into mixing it up with flimsy scenes of second-hand sentimentality to imitate fine writing. Even Bamford’s ‘*Life of a Radical*’—which is for the most part as true and healthy in its delineations as heart could wish—is not altogether free from this fault.—When we first took up ‘*John Drayton*’ we were in hope that we had chanced on the genuine life and struggles of a real artizan:—and we were proportionately disappointed to find that the taking title was nothing but a peg on which the author might hang his objections to Mechanics’ Institutes, *Chambers’s Journal*, Combe’s ‘*Constitution of Man*,’ and Temperance Coffee-houses. As a tale the book is very dull:—dull, from lack not so much of materials as of skill to work them into shape. The author has apparently been afraid of writing a novel: and reconciled his conscience to the present effort by preserving a moral tone of didactic superiority to all the characters and questions opened up in the course of the book:—as though all the complicated interests and social questions brought under review had been understood—circumscribed—settled,—and the author been fully assured that he had seen the “pea” placed under the “right thimble”!

The style is a mixed imitation of Carlyle and of Emerson. All men have a right to their own conscientiously-formed opinions. The world is very wide,—and there is work for all. Let those who disapprove of Mechanics’ Institutes work at Sunday schools:—but let neither seek to throw scorn on the efforts of others to do good. We protest against the cold supercilious exclusive tone assumed by the author against all which does not meet his views,—and which is not

worked out according to any logical sequence. For instance,—those who read *Chambers* and go into the country on a Sunday are represented as treating their wives as badly as American Indians treat their squaws. It is not often in books of general literature that we meet with anything so stupidly bigotted as we have here. We greatly prefer the old spelling-book history showing “How Don’t Care came to an ugly end,”—Master Harry, the bad boy, being wrecked on a desolate island, and eaten by a lion, because he would not mind what his parents said to him,—whilst Tommy, who was a good boy, became a rich man and Lord Mayor, riding in the traditional “gilt coach-and-six,” with which in old story books good boys and girls are always rewarded!—In conclusion, we are willing to believe that the author of ‘*John Drayton*’ is better than he seems in his book. He, no doubt, honestly believes every word he says; but he has not risen to a height whence he can take even a bird’s-eye view of the questions which he treats:—still less has he entered on them with the broad sympathy and humanity which alone can enable a man to go forth as a priest and a teacher.—Above all, he needs to learn how to respect the individuality of those who differ from his opinions.

The Architecture of the Middle Ages—[Die Baukunst der Mittelalters]. By Franz Mertens. Berlin, Printed at the Court Press.

THIS remarkable essay, it seems, was undertaken at the instance of the King of Prussia, with a view to a summary of the results hitherto obtained towards a History of the Building Art in the Middle Ages. The learned author, however, has not confined himself within such a plan: but has rather opened it to the promulgation of his own views on the subject,—which are sufficiently novel to claim the regard of all who cultivate this branch of antiquarian art. In pursuing his altered design, it might have been as well had he distinguished what he has himself built on ground already laid out by others from the results of their constructions; so as to aid the survey of his own part of the work. It is, however, so mixed up with the data of former inquirers, that the treatise must be taken altogether as the author’s individual composition of a science of Mediæval Architecture: in which he has used extant materials together with the produce of his own researches, and from the whole combined mass framed the system now published. It is not, however, complete: the breadth and obscurity of the subject having, he says, led him farther than he anticipated,—so that the present volume fulfils but half of his meditated task. It indicates the natural scope and difficulties of the inquiry; sketches the modern rise and progress of the science; and then proceeds, from a general outline of the methods by which alone he deems it possible to arrive at a right knowledge of the subject, to state his own determination of its main points. The demonstration has yet to appear in Part Second.

The proof of positions which if adopted will overthrow received opinions on most of the cardinal points of this branch of ancient Art, is clearly a postulate of the first importance. Until it is supplied, it can be neither expedient nor practicable, even, to estimate the worth of judgments which are here pronounced in a manner purely dogmatic—and with a tone of more than usual confidence. It will not be denied that the author is learned in this subject; nor that his views, so far as they are hitherto explained, are marked with acuteness as well as originality. But he is himself aware that in order to command assent to notions which many

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will deem paradoxical, something more than the decisive assertion of even the most competent enquirer will be necessary. It is to be presumed that no time will be lost by him in preparing and making known the full demonstration of what is here set down, so far, with little more than the support of his own declared conviction.

Meanwhile, we shall not undertake to describe all the complicated matter of his present essay; the comprehension of which is somewhat impeded by its want of simplicity and clearness in style. Some general rules of his system, and a few of its more prominent results, are all that we can set forth here. These, we apprehend, will suffice to excite the attention of those who have studied the matter in this country:—concerning the architectural remains of which the author lays down some of his most unexpected positions.

Documentary notices alone, he says, will by no means suffice to determine the chronology of Architecture. Nay, they do not even take the first place among the grounds of a true knowledge of its history. The first condition of success is to be sought in a complete and exact collection—in drawings, of course—of actual specimens:—in the accumulation of which the author admits the superior merit of our English artists and antiquarians. The slow progress of architectural knowledge in France, and still more in Germany, is ascribed to the great inferiority of both in this respect:—which has lately been diminished in France; and is still much below the mark in Germany, with one splendid exception, however,—the quite unequalled work of the Boissières on the Cologne Minster. Inspection and comparison of the elementary features of style, in growth and progress, in the drawings and plans of buildings, are not only the first steps in the science, but they also supply its best grounds of ultimate cognition: and must be employed as a magisterial test of the value, bearing and certainty of all recorded dates and inscriptions concerning architectural remains.

This seems at first sight a preposterous view. The author vindicates it by a new position of the most decisive importance,—which, in fact, overthrows, at one stroke, the whole system of the usually received chronology of ancient buildings.—Romanesque, Norman, or Gothic: for which exploded system Herr Mertens claims to substitute as a prime basis of all future knowledge in this science his '*New Chronology*,'—founded in great part on internal qualities of the buildings themselves, rather than on documentary evidence respecting them—of which, for the present, he expressly postpones the demonstration. The instrument used to destroy the received dates is called "the law of *mutation*;"—its ground being, that the written and other records hitherto applied to monuments still remaining nearly all give, in fact, the dates of earlier constructions only—which have altogether disappeared,—rude works of necessity (*Driftkeils-bau*) which were universally, and nearly all at the same time, replaced by more advanced "monumental" structures, still in part or altogether extant. This general reconstruction of such earlier buildings—referred to in the dates of foundations, lives of saints and ecclesiastics, and chroniclers' notices—he affirms, took place in the sudden development of pious art and social prosperity, "awakened as if by magic," which according to his views blessed a period lying between the latter half of the eleventh and the middle of the thirteenth century. A remarkable feature of this position—amongst others—is, the necessity of affirming that such reconstructions—those important "monumental" erections, in which Art for the

first time replaced rude "necessity"—were allowed to rise unrecorded:—while the dates of the earlier and meaner buildings had been in a darker time so carefully noted. This, however, does not seem to cause any hesitation in Herr Mertens' mind. "The Middle Ages," he says, "knew nothing, in fact, of their own architecture." He is content with a few decisive discoveries. A single instance—the recent discovery, namely, of a rebuilding, after the destruction by fire, of the Norman Abbey of Fécamp, which had escaped the knowledge of former chronologists—is, indeed, the principal fact named in support of his very extensive conclusions in this direction. It is obvious that this "principle of mutation," which occupies the foreground in the '*New Chronology*,' will ask for comprehensive proof exactly in proportion to the large mass of objects which it undertakes to dispose of:—and it may be presumed that its precise, or at least virtual, demonstration will be a main feature of the promised Second Part.

Meanwhile, we observe some conditions in the '*New Chronology*' which may excuse provisional doubts of its certainty, and justify varieties of opinion concerning its dates. Compounded, as it is described to be, of certain fixed notices on documentary record, with conclusions drawn from the internal evidence of certain extant monuments, which give the general rule for others—which evidence, also, has no small share in the very determination *à priori* of what shall and what shall not be taken as a fixed point in matters of date,—thus framed, we say, the system is still far from having gained a stable footing, on the author's own showing—especially as regards the earlier styles, the Romanesque, namely, and Norman. It is admitted that the discovery of any new fact correcting a date in respect of a single important building dislocates the whole system, and renders its thorough recombination necessary. We find that this necessity has already occurred more than once in its progress towards a systematic arrangement. It is, indeed, true that the data admitted to produce such decisive changes are strictly weighed, in what may be called the transcendental scale, before they are allowed as valid; but while this is evidently a rather slippery method of settling chronology, its authority, so long as the possibility of further dislocations from new discoveries shall exist, can make no claim whatever to universal obedience.

On the strength of its determinations, however, aided by some general observations and principles broadly enough laid down as preliminaries, the author arrives at the conclusion, in the first place,—that all the successive architectural styles of the Middle Ages were *created*, *i. e.* sprung each from the construction of a single plastic mind at some given point, which then formed a school whereby the new-born art was more or less developed by its various disciples and followers. The idea of any organic or spontaneous growth of Architecture from the combined and gradual action of human wants and faculties, determined by circumstances of time and place, he utterly repudiates: this creative energy is, in short, the one prime conclusion of his essay.

As regards the Romanesque style, indeed, the formative principle is not so distinctly made out as might be desired; though here, too, the rule is expressly asserted,—that "it is always some *particular building* from which an entire race proceeds; which first assumes a certain form, or which gives rise to an entire school, to a general style." The creation is, indeed, said in this case to be in a certain sense "sporadic,"—a term which is not easily reconciled to the idea

of a single primal source of Romanesque architecture, and of its sole creator in the person of the builder of St. Bénigne at Dijon. Accordingly, we are, as it appears, to understand that the "sporadic" character must be limited, as applying rather to certain *primordia*, brought into France from the East, the cradle of the style, on which materials the "creative" mind afterwards raised its new production. The indication, however, of the specific parts assigned to such opposite elements as tradition and invention—"sporadic" and central origin—is hardly so precise as might be wished; taking for granted even all that is advanced by the author in this part of his subject.

Of the Gothic, at all events, the origin is found and declared without any such reservation. We are led to it by a series of ingenious eliminations. Its distinctive feature—the buttress—is first shown us in its moment of birth on French ground;—its characteristic *incunabula* are further traced and narrowed to a circuit (Francia) of which Paris is the central point;—its very individual creator is at last shown us in the founder of St. Denis!—

Gothic Architecture is the individual creation of the Abbot Suger and his architects; a creation set about with still greater power and still more decision than that which Abbot William, builder of the Church of St. Bénigne at Dijon, employed in founding the Romanesque:—for these two Churches [St. Denis and St. Bénigne] may actually be taken, respectively, as the first beginnings of one and the other style of architecture.

This determination, by which the honour of both schools—including, of course, the Gallo-Norman between them—is now unreservedly given to France, will naturally excite some wonder, if not dissent. The grounds, so far as they are laid down in this first or dogmatic part of Herr Mertens' system, we shall not attempt to dissect, for the reasons already stated, independently of other considerations,—that of space included.—Their discussion, indeed, must be the deliberate office of specially qualified inquirers,—whom we would rather invite than presume to anticipate.

Among such, in our own country at least, certain "positive and emphatic" declarations in the essay, concerning English-Norman and Gothic Architecture, are not likely to pass without some question. Admitting the care, learning and diligence with which this branch of knowledge has been cultivated among us, with an industry and expense, the author says, quite unparalleled elsewhere, he naturally foresees that dissent, if not displeasure, may be provoked by a series of assertions which, if justified, would convict of fatal error the whole body of British Archaeology. They are peremptorily set forth as the result of long study and consequent certain conviction to the following effect,— "with all the precision and with the utmost emphasis that can be required on such an historical subject,—naturally," he adds, "*under the obligation of proving what is here said, in due time, whenever the proper occasion shall occur.*" We think it cannot occur too soon. The declaration is—

That in England the architecture now extant is not so old as has hitherto been universally assumed; and that in this respect that country must descend, as compared with other regions in Europe, to a secondary rank.—That the Cathedral of London (old St. Paul's) was the first building in England of Norman style properly so called, in kind and form, as it came over from Normandy; and that this building most probably was not erected before the first year of Henry II. (after 1154).—That the Cathedrals of Chichester, Rochester, Norwich, Durham, Hereford, Gloucester, &c. which are the chief architectural specimens of the Anglo-Norman style, constructed in the grand or peculiarly English "cathedral style," were all built after 1170; and in part

at the beginning, or even further on in the thirteenth century; in other words, after the death of St. Thomas (Becket) Archbishop of Canterbury.—That Canterbury Cathedral affords the first example of Gothic architecture in England; that from this point Gothic architecture, *contemporary with the above-named Romanesque or Norman architecture*, proceeded to the construction of the Cathedrals of Lincoln, Ely, Worcester, Winchester, and Wells; and that from this and other causes arose the great uniformity already noticed in the English or Norman-Gothic style.—That both styles (the Romanesque and the Gothic) were in the main contemporary in England; that all the so-called Norman (which are, in fact, Romanesque) castles, keep-towers, or however they may be named—which we know to be extant in that country—constructed with such characteristic profusion of outlay, were all, with the exception of the Tower of London, built in the thirteenth century; and that Norman churches, and other similar buildings, in a style resembling this, still continued to be erected in England until near the time, or actually until the very time, of the outbreak of the Barons' Wars (1269).

With this characteristic extract—which will furnish matter of occupation to our native archaeologists—we shall conclude. To indicate, for approbation or question, many of the other curious materials with which the essay abounds, would have been a vain attempt. What we have pointed out will, however, be found sufficiently exciting to direct to the book itself the eyes of those who are specially competent to examine such a performance. This, in fact, is the only office that can well be performed in a few columns in regard to a work so full in its contents as this, and so peculiar in character.

In reading it, there may perhaps be recalled the saying ascribed to Father Hardouin when surprise had been expressed at the novelty of his classical "discoveries." "Did you suppose," said the ingenious Jesuit, "that I rose at four o'clock every morning of my life merely to indite common-places?" A royal command, it may be urged, was no less calculated than a habit of early rising to produce something out of the common way. This merit, at all events, whatever be the final estimate of the work by competent judges, cannot certainly be denied to the learned author.

LONDON GUIDE-BOOKS.

Guide-Books to the Metropolis and its neighbourhood continue to appear, though the season is now advanced to the point when according to the canons London should be almost empty. Already shutters are closing in fashionable squares: their aristocratic dwellers are hurrying towards the Rhine, the Tibur, or the Western Lakes. Would-be great people, who ought to go abroad and cannot, are removing from drawing-rooms into attics, as Defoe describes their cautious ancestors doing in the plague time; yet still there is, or it is presumed there is, a public needing guidance through the mazes of London streets. Foremost among the volumes now lying on our table addressed to this class, is a work published, by Mr. Bohn, under the title—*The Stranger in London; or, Visitor's Companion to the Metropolis and its Environs: with an Historical and Descriptive Sketch of the Great Exhibition.* Mr. Cyrus Redding, its compiler, though chiefly indebted for his materials to Knight's 'London,' has looked into more recent and more special works,—such as 'Public Charities,' 'The Handbook of London, Ancient and Modern,' the 'London Prisons';—and to the task of extracting from these sources the matter available for his purposes he has brought an intelligence, impartiality, and knowledge of London life, which never fail him for a moment. We wish we could have added that he makes fitting acknowledgment for the benefits which he has derived from

other men's labours. But in this particular his volume is singularly wanting. The chapters devoted to the description of the Great Exhibition and its building are about the best in the book,—which, we must not forget to say, is copiously illustrated;—but, as in the case of some other guide-books that we have had occasion to expose this summer, the woodcuts are apparently from old blocks slightly repaired: some of them—those of 'Crosby Hall' and the 'Bloody Tower,' for example—designed for a purpose entirely different from that to which they are here applied.

London made Easy; being a Compendium of the British Metropolis, containing Six Maps, arranged upon an entirely new Principle, showing at once the relative Positions of the various Objects of Interest in the Metropolis, is the title of a little work issued by Messrs. Hall & Virtue,—"not professing to contain a description of the sights of London, but a mere enumeration, with a few characteristic features, and the times and modes of admission." This is an account of the work that we may safely indorse, and so leave it. The *London Metropolis*, from which it is abridged, is a volume of more pretension and more solid merits.

Among the foreigners who have visited our shores this year, and already "made their book" about us and our affairs, is the well-known *feuilletoniste* of the *Débats*, M. Jules Janin. *Le Mois de Mai à Londres et l'Exposition* of 1851, dedicated to Lord Carrington, because, as it would seem, "*écrit non loin de sa demeure hospitalière et vicante de Whitehall*," contains the writer's views on men and things in this country. M. Jules Janin allows us to infer some of his advantages for sitting in the judgment-seat when England and the English are before the court. In the first place, he does not speak a word of our language. He has only been once in England:—his volume is inscribed to Lord Carrington "*en souvenir de mon premier voyage à Londres*." To these qualifications he might add the boast of a complete emancipation from any little prejudice which a slight acquaintance with our history, literature, and institutions would be apt to create. Thus furnished, he begins his work; and in spite of an apparent desire to be amiable and civil, the ignorance and the prejudice come out on every page. Everything that is not French is with him bad:—the Thames Tunnel is a "folly"—the Tower of London a "vulgar spectacle"—the stability of ancient customs is laughed at as something "ridiculous." "Here," he says, "nothing is ever effaced—everything is respected,—even violence has its respects." And then the reader is confidently told that "Charles I. carried with him to the scaffold all the insignia of royal majesty:—a circumstance for which we are not acquainted with any authority better than the assertion of M. Janin.—In his chapter on the press, the writer adds several items to our information about the Fourth Estate. For example,—"*By a happy chance the first of English journalists bear names as celebrated as those of the companions of Pizarro or the generals of Alexander:—Addison, Congreve, Walsh, Arbuthnot, Gay, King, Prior, Dr. Friend, More, Surrey, Rivers.*" This list of English journalists is at least curious,—and grows more and more puzzling towards the end. But we have neither time nor inclination to reproduce any more of M. Janin's mistakes. The letters have already appeared in the *Journal des Débats*.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

London Letters on the World's Exhibition. By H. Scherer.—We may expect before long various reverberations from abroad of the more striking impulses of the World's Fair; the earliest of these

in the shape of a book comes, as was also to be expected, from Germany, the nation of all most zealous in committing its impressions to paper. Except as the first foreign volume on this subject, however, Herr Scherer's performance does not call for much notice. His book is merely a collection of the letters sent by him to some German newspapers in the capacity of its special reporter; and these are of the slightest possible staple, designed for the amusement of common readers,—with a continual bias towards German politics and nationalities, and occupied with many other things in London, even besides the Exhibition. Of its contents or effects, as they may strike the most cursory observer, the description is by no means complete; and the reporter makes no claim to treat any part of them in a more efficient manner. "I am," he says, neither a judge of prizes, nor a practically qualified adept who writes for a special object and to a particular class; my public is a miscellaneous and general one, that wishes rather to be diverted than instructed by my letters." Even on this trivial estimate of his office, there cannot be much mud of its execution. After the opening ceremony, which is described with sufficient detail and some animation, the succeeding phases and facts of the Exhibition are treated in a very loose and rambling way,—interrupted by episodes, in which, as well as in the surveys of his professed object, mistaken matter of fact are frequent enough to show how lightly the whole task has been handled. The general tendency, with some droll exceptions, may be called liberal and candid enough,—especially if compared with the usual lucubrations in German journals on English topics:—but for an account of the Exhibition as it may appear to intelligent foreigners, we can hardly accept this hasty newspaper correspondence. In any other sense it can, of course, have little value for us:—the appearance and the contents of the World's Fair having been far more exactly and fully described (for those who may not visit it here,—if any such there are to be in our own daily and weekly periodicals.

The Dialect and Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire.
By Thomas Sternberg.—A curious and interesting collection of the provincialisms—both of thought and of language—not yet extinct in the Midland district. The author speaks of the dialect of the central parts of Northamptonshire as provincial for its close resemblance to standard English; and to show that this is not the effect of recent circumstances, quotes a remark from Fuller, “who says, the language of the common people in that country was in his time ‘‘the best of any shire in England,’’ whence labouring men could perfectly understand the language of the Bible, though some few of the words in the metrical version of the Psalms puzzled them. To preserve this pure dialect from oblivion, Mr. Sternberg has here published a complete glossary of all the words; pointing out their affinity to other languages, explaining the pronunciation, and illustrating the meaning by apt examples.—The second part, entitled Folk-Lore, consists of popular legends, superstitions, and customs, some of which have already been communicated to the public through the *Notes and Queries*. The fairy stories are told with an arch humour that charms the reader exceedingly.

The *Iliad* of Homer, the *First, Second, and Third Cantos*: translated with a view to render a literal interpretation, as near as may be, in a metrical version most conformable, though not identical in construction, with the original Greek *Hexameter*.—This is perhaps as near an approximation as our language permits to a faithful rendering of Homer's *Iliad* in English metre resembling that of the original. The regular hexameter ending is preserved in every line,—but an unaccented syllable or two *extra metrum* may be often found at the beginning. It is not to be expected that any such version can convey to the non-classical reader at all an adequate conception of the original poem.—The freshness and beauty of Homer's verse are of necessity but poorly represented in a metre which is unsuited to the genius of our language.

The Classical Gazetteer: a Dictionary of Ancient Geography, Sacred and Profane. By W. Hazlitt. — This will be a useful school-book for those who cannot get access to Dr. Smith's 'Classical Dictionary.'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

THE BARONESS VON BECK.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

THERE is one important portion of the exceedingly interesting communication from Col. Rawlinson printed in your paper of the 23rd inst., to which I beg to draw the attention of your readers, and particularly of Col. Rawlinson himself. He states that "the second expedition of Sennacherib to Palestine and the miraculous destruction of his army must have occurred fourteen or fifteen years later than the campaign" in the third year of that king's reign; and seems to infer this from the circumstance of that reign having extended, according to the Greeks, to eighteen years:—thus, apparently, assuming that the death of Sennacherib followed closely on the miraculous destruction of his army. I am not aware what ground the learned and gallant Colonel has for this assumption:—but the account, in Scripture at least, does not by any means necessarily imply the proximity of the two events. On the contrary, it is expressly stated that between them an interval elapsed, during which Sennacherib "dwelt at Nineveh" (2 Kings, xix. 36); and it is quite compatible with this account that this interval may have been of many years:—for the object

being to show the ultimate fulfilment of the prediction of Isaiah, all intervening incidents are rejected as irrelevant.

Having disposed of this stumbling-block, I will proceed to the main object of my letter:—which is, to draw attention to the fact, that there are not two campaigns of Sennacherib against Palestine mentioned in Scripture, as Col. Rawlinson supposes; but that the campaign mentioned in the Assyrian inscription is that in which the miraculous destruction of a portion of the Assyrian army took place. That this is the case will be manifest, on an attentive perusal of the several accounts of it contained in Scripture.

We learn (2 Kings, xviii. and 2 Chronicles, xxxii.) that in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah, Sennacherib came up against the fenced cities of Judah and took them; whereupon Hezekiah sent to the Assyrian king at Lachish (which he was besieging in person) to make submission, and offered tribute, which was accepted. Notwithstanding this submission of Hezekiah, Sennacherib sent certain of his officers with an army against Jerusalem; and terrified by their threats, Hezekiah had recourse to the prophet Isaiah, who consoled him by the prediction that "a blast" would be sent upon the king of Assyria, and he should fall by the sword in his own land. The Assyrian officers, finding that their threats did not prevail with Hezekiah thus encouraged, returned to rejoin their king at Lachish, where they had left him,—but found that he had removed from that place; and it then appears that Sennacherib, diverted from his warlike purposes against Jerusalem by a rumour of the Ethiopian king being about to attack him, contented himself with sending an intimidating message to Hezekiah, which failed of its intended effect through the assurance which he received from Isaiah that the king of Assyria should do no harm to Jerusalem. "And it came to pass that night that the angel of the Lord smote the camp of the Assyrians." Sennacherib's return to Nineveh is then stated:—and (in order to show the fulfilment of the prediction against him) his death is also mentioned.

Now, with the exception of Sennacherib's residence at Nineveh and death, this narrative appears on the face of it to include one continuous chain of events, commencing in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah, and occupying a few weeks or months only,—or at all events to be the history of a single campaign; and on turning to the 37th chapter of Isaiah all reasonable doubt on the subject is at once removed,—for we find it there stated in the clearest terms that the destruction of the Assyrian host was the termination of the campaign which commenced in the fourteenth year of Isaiah, as here all mention of the intermediate incident of the tribute is omitted.

Indeed, I have yet to learn that any one before Col. Rawlinson ever suggested that more than one campaign is referred to in the 18th and 19th chapters of 2 Kings; but any opinion of his on such a subject has appeared to me well worthy of investigation, as carrying considerable authority with it.

The omission of any reference in the inscription to the destruction of the army is of little or no weight;—as the laudatory character of these inscriptions forbids us to indulge in the expectation of meeting in them with any account of it, or of any other considerable calamity.

In conclusion, I beg to suggest to Col. Rawlinson whether the discrepancy in the chronology as to the Samaritan captivity is not more likely to be occasioned by an error in the transcription of the narrative in 2 Kings, or otherwise, than that there should be an omission of any account of a fact of such importance as the deportation of nearly 30,000 families from Samaria:—to say nothing of the similarity between the transaction mentioned in the Assyrian inscription and that recorded in the Bible.

I am, &c, J. G.

PROFESSOR OKEN.

LAST week we announced shortly the death of Lorenz Oken, Professor of Natural History in the University of Zurich:—but we must not allow so distinguished a philosopher to pass from the scene of his labours without some further notice.—Prof. Oken died at the advanced age of seventy-three

years:—and for nearly half a century his name has been connected with certain views in Natural History which have been lauded by one party as the perfection of human knowledge, and derided by another as absurd and mystical. As is the case in so many other instances, the truth lies between the contending parties; and theories which look so strange and wild to some in the physiophilosophy of Oken become keystones to the interpretation of the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth in the works of such practical physiologists as Owen and Schleiden.

Oken was originally intended for the medical profession; and commenced his studies at the time when the philosophical views which were first broached by Schelling were attracting universal attention in Germany. Schelling had endeavoured to work out the harmony that existed between his new philosophical principles and the laws of natural science which had been so rapidly developed during the past century. This effort soon attracted the attention of those who were engaged in the study of medicine, whose pursuits involved extensive inquiries into the laws of natural science; and amongst the foremost of the younger men who adopted Schelling's views was Lorenz Oken. As early as the year 1802, he published a pamphlet entitled 'Outlines of a Natural Philosophy,' in which he proposed a new classification of the Animal Kingdom,—the leading feature of which was, that each class is virtually a representative of an organ of the senses. Although the details of this system are not adopted at the present day by naturalists, yet in the critical arrangement of the classes of vertebrate animals its distinguishing characters are found more useful than those of any other system. The date of this work shows how early the mind of Oken had seized on the ideas of repetition and resemblance which lie at the foundation of all modern systems of morphology,—and gives him an undoubted claim to the title of the Father of Morphological Science.—He subsequently published a systematic arrangement of the Vegetable Kingdom,—which, although too speculative to be generally adopted, contains views that are now widely admitted in the natural system.

In 1805, Oken published a work on generation; in which, though mixed up with a good deal that was hypothetical, he first propounded the doctrine which now lies at the foundation of all modern physiology,—that all parts of an animal or plant must originate in cells or vesicles. Of course, the mode of propagation and varieties of these cells were yet to be discovered. Subsequently, he published several valuable observations on the development of the embryo in the higher animals,—in which we discover the germs of those truths which have since been established by further experiments and investigation.

But the work which has most largely contributed to the reputation of Oken, and which has been most fruitful in practical results, is, his 'Essay on the Signification (*Bedeutung*) or Nature of the Bones of the Skull.' In this work he showed that the complicated bones of the skull are only so many modified vertebrae. This view—subsequently taken up by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, and condemned by Cuvier—has at last, through the labours of Prof. Owen, become the key to the explanation of a thousand facts in the structure of the skeletons of animals, and has opened the path in which for the future all discoverers in Natural History must tread. The laws which regulate the form of plants and animals are the highest which Natural History as a science contemplates,—and Science is indebted to Oken for first pointing out the way in which these laws must be studied.

In 1810 Oken published his 'Physio-Philosophy:—his greatest work, yet his greatest failure. It was easy to object to this work, as a Cambridge Professor has done in a recent preface to an old work,—but it was difficult to estimate the large amount of knowledge which it displays, and the wisdom and profundity of its general views of matter and of mind. We pronounced on its merits when it was translated by the Ray Society [see *Athen.* No. 1040], and need dwell no further on it here. It is a book which if a man's reputation rested on the report of dilettante philosophers

Oken would have done better not to write; but as the outpouring of a gigantic mind on every possible question that could be put before it in a scientific form, it will ever be recognized as one of the most remarkable works that a particular school of philosophy has produced.

Oken has published numerous other works,—on Mineralogy, Zoology, and Botany; besides a large series of papers in the *Iais*, a Natural History Journal which he edited with great ability for many years.—His life, like that of most philosophers, presented few incidents. Early in it he obtained the appointment of Professor of Natural History at Jena,—and subsequently occupied the same position at Munich. Here he rendered himself obnoxious to the Government by his liberal political opinions; and during the latter years of his life he was Professor of Natural History in the University of Zurich. Latterly he did little more than edit the *Iais*. He, however, took a warm interest in the progress of Natural History; and while he was regarded as a mystic and a dreamer by the collectors of facts in natural science,—he allowed none of their labours to escape his vigilant eye, or to be disregarded in presence of his favourite system of philosophy.—Lorenz Oken has another claim on the respect and gratitude of men of science. He was the first to propose, in 1822, those yearly meetings of naturalists which were the parents of our British Association for the Advancement of Science, and our Archæological and Agricultural Associations.

THE HOME OFFICE AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

MAY I beg your attention to the following statement?—I have been for some time engaged in an inquiry as to the former conditions of the rivers Thames and Medway,—in order to further which I obtained access to the Library of the British Museum, trusting that references to old maps and charts there might illustrate the investigation.

The catalogue of maps in the King's Library contains the rehearsal of the under-mentioned titles:—'A drawn Plan of the River Medway with the Fortifications thereon, 1725,'—and 'A drawn Plan of the River Medway with the Fortifications adjacent.'

Application for these maps is answered by the production of a folio containing two maps of Sellers of the date 1650, and a small map of the Ordnance Survey of Kent in 1807. In the same folio are also two sealed paper bags with the superscription thereon "not to be opened."—the paper bags contain, it is believed, the two maps above recited.

The officers of the Museum attending in the Library state that the plans in question were sealed up some years ago by order of the Home Office:—at which time also, other maps of like localities were in the same manner withdrawn from public inspection.

The reason assigned by my informants for this proceeding was, a supposed dread of foreign invasion entertained by the ministry of the day. In reply to this, I would beg to trouble you with the following brief observations.—

As regarding the navigation of the river Medway, it seems probable that the charts from the most recent surveys must be more consequential for this purpose than those bearing dates so long antecedent,—the Admiralty have an accredited agent for the sale of the former.

The other consideration would emanate from the recitals of the words "fortifications thereon," and "adjacent."

The chiefest of these is Sheerness. A glance at any old engraving of this place will convince the most rapid observer of the exceeding dissimilitude between its past and present conditions, both as a dockyard and as a fortification. The fort next above this no longer exists but by name—the action of the river and the depredations of the surrounding population have left nothing but the relics of the scarp and fosse.—The third fortification remains as a lop-sided brick structure in no sort of government occupation.—The fourth, one of our national defences on the river Medway, was sold by government some years since, and now exists as a warren for rabbits.—The fifth is Upnor Castle; which the wisdom of our governors, probably

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directed by its contiguity to Chatham dockyard and its own populous vicinity, has converted into a magazine for gunpowder.

I submit, therefore, that there is no sufficient or apparent reason for the present or future concealment of the two plans of the river Medway the titles of which appear in the Catalogue of the King's Library in the British Museum.

I am, &c.

J. C. G.

Thistle Square.

WHIRLWINDS PRODUCED BY THE BURNING OF A CANE-BRAKE.

A recent number of the *American Journal of Science and Arts* contains an interesting account of some very striking phenomena which attended the burning of a cane-brake near Tuscaloosa, in Alabama. The cane of which the brake was composed grew to a height of 35 or 40 feet, although but an inch or two in diameter at the base,—and has a round hollow stem with knots at the distance of 12 or 14 inches. At the top there is a head of foliage, brush-like in appearance, made up of long linear leaves. The canes are met with on the banks of all the rivers in the extreme southern and south-western States,—particularly in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas. The rapidity of their growth is wonderful. It is reported that young plants sometimes increase 10 inches in length in a single night, and a large tract of land in a favourable situation will become covered with full-grown canes in an incredibly short period. They form dense thickets, the stems often standing but an inch or two apart; and they thus constitute an impenetrable barrier to man and large animals, and become a refuge to all kinds of small animals. In clearing this cane land, only a few simple tools are employed—as a carpenter's adze or an axe, or a heavy kind of hoe, called a "cane-hoe,"—and a single blow is sufficient to divide the stalk. The labourer grasps the cane with one hand, and, as he cuts it, throws it behind him, and passes on. In this way, an acre of land is soon cleared. The canes lie for a month or six weeks to dry, and then are gathered into heaps, and set on fire in several places at the same time. As soon as the burning begins, the air that is confined in the hollow, jointed stalks, and also the watery vapour, expand, and burst the canes with a loud report. These explosions occurring from a vast number of canes at the same time, produce a continued roar like the discharge of musketry from an immense army, while the flames roll on with fearful rapidity. No other sound besides this continued roaring is heard during the progress of the fire.

The flames as they advance over the dry cane present tints of an intensity and richness incomparably finer than those produced by the combustion of any other kind of wood. No colour or combination of colours possessed by the painter can equal it, and it is even unsurpassed by the red of the prismatic spectrum. The tint is best compared to the deepest red of the spectrum. In the case of the conflagration of the cane-brake near Tuscaloosa, the spectacle of the smoke as it rolled upwards from the low ground was hardly less magnificent. Its dense black masses were darker than the darkest thunder-cloud. Instead of the light colours of ordinary smoke, a deep dull black characterized the whirlwinds and the dense volumes of smoke which enveloped the whole scene. On the edge of the fire the smoke was equally black, but somewhat less dense. The cane-brake on which this burning occurred covered a space of 25 acres. It was no sooner set on fire than the roar of a thousand discharges announced its rapid progress.

Whirlwinds of a great variety of forms were now observed in the hottest part of the fire, gradually increasing in size, in number, and in the space over which they prevailed. At first, they were comparatively small,—their height not exceeding 35 or 40 feet. To these succeeded others, on a larger scale, until they reached the height of more than 200 feet; and the flame and smoke which formed their columns were perfectly distinct from the general mass which rose from the fire. The kinds of whirlwinds that occurred during the progress of the fire are described under the following four heads,—

1. The most common form was that which was stationary over a part of the fire which was hotter than the neighbouring portions. The base rested on a pile of burning cane, and the air rushed in from all sides towards the centre. The smoke and flame soon assumed a rotatory motion in the column above, and the whole expanded into the hour-glass form, or funnel shape of common whirlwinds.

2. The second variety was observed to have a progressive motion, and carried with it the leaves and ashes of the canes.

3. A third description seemed to be based on piles of burning canes. The flame rolled up into a dark column, where it was extinguished, and was succeeded by a dark interval of smoke. Above this the flame burst forth again. This striking phenomenon is ascribed to a different velocity in the different parts of the whirlwind. The greatest velocity was in the dark interval; and the flame was extinguished in this part on the same principle that a gas jet burns high above, but not on, its orifice, when a powerful stream of gas is supplied. The gas in this case, by its concentrated form and rapid motion, is not brought sufficiently into contact with the oxygen of the air until it has reached a certain height above the orifice. In the same way the combustible gases of the whirlwind, by their rapid motion and concentrated form in the middle portion of the whirl, do not take fire until they expand above and are mingled more fully with the atmospheric air.

4. The whirlwinds of the fourth kind were remarkable for being entirely destitute of the funnel form, for their small diameter, and for their immense height, which was often several hundred feet as indicated by the smoke, and was probably prolonged into the transparent air above. It is a fact of great interest, that even in thin tall cylindrical whirlwinds, the rotatory motion was perfectly obvious throughout their entire length, rolling the black smoke in wreaths like carded wool to the top of the visible column, and probably beyond, as was inferred from their rapid motion. These whirlwinds were sometimes bent by the wind towards the summit, but the whirl was continued notwithstanding the change in its direction. Some were bent in a direction nearly or quite horizontal, and yet still revolved rapidly,—others were less inclined,—and others were cut off on a level with the general mass of smoke or prolonged into the transparent air above. In connexion with the whirlwinds several other facts of interest may be mentioned which occurred during the burning of the cane-brake. The direction of the wind was changed. Being at first from the north-east, it continued in that direction in the upper part of the atmosphere, as was evident from the way in which the columns of smoke were bent. But shortly after the commencement of the burning, the air beneath blew in all directions towards the centre of the fire. The columns of smoke rising nearly straight for more than 200 yards, and being then quite suddenly bent, served to indicate accurately where the general north-east wind prevailed over the currents that surrounded the fire. The influence of the conflagration may therefore be considered as having extended more than 200 yards in height, and over an area of more than 300 yards,—for at this distance the air blew strongly towards the fire.

The whirlwinds revolved on their axes from right to left, and from left to right without any prevailing tendency to one direction more than to the other. Frequently the same whirlwind would change the direction in which it revolved, and would return to its first course. In a few instances this was repeated several times. As the fire spread rapidly from different points, it was at length circular in outline, or approached this form. It was not until the heated air rose from this circle that the whirlwinds became frequent in number or of great size. The same phenomena are shown on a small scale in the common process of putting tire on wheels, when the whole body of air and smoke above the fire appears full of eddies and whirls. If these fires are made in a yard surrounded by high buildings the effect is greatly increased. In some situations of this kind, whirlwinds of quite

regular forms and 15 feet or 20 feet high are sometimes seen.

These facts have a bearing on the method which has been proposed of producing rain by circular fires. It has been maintained, that if a circular fire were created, the air would be made to ascend in a single column, a cloud would be formed at the upper part of this column, or at the top, and would produce rain. The whole theory depends on the first supposition, that the air would ascend in a single column; but from the phenomena which attended the burning of the cane-brake, it is deduced, that unless the mass of combustibles were very great, and the fire very intense, no single column of rarefied air in the majority of cases would be formed, and consequently the phenomena dependent (as it is maintained) on this supposition would not take place. The heat produced by the burning of the cane-brake was such that it was impossible to stand nearer to it than 300 yards distant.—Such are some of the most remarkable facts which attended this burning.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AMONG the many schemes which during the last few years have been actively discussed with the view of imparting a better and more systematic character to the immense yearly emigration from these islands, and especially from Ireland,—few have been recommended by more solid and practical merits than the project of what was called the Halifax and Quebec Railway. This scheme was started three or four years ago; and had for its object the construction of a great trunk line of railway, about 640 miles long, from the port of Halifax to the capital city of Quebec. This line of railway would traverse portions of the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada at present quite inaccessible; and it would as a matter of course render valuable and productive immense districts of country at present almost wholly unpeopled. Such a line also would afford most important facilities for the passage of emigrants to the vacant lands of Western Canada, and the territories bordering on the Lakes and the Upper St. Lawrence. At present the voyage to Quebec is impracticable during several months of the year in consequence of the prevalence of ice at the mouth and in the gulph of St. Lawrence. The navigation also of Cape Breton and Newfoundland, lying in the direct track to Quebec, is at all times tedious and full of danger. A railway from the magnificent harbour of Halifax would at once remove all these difficulties. Halifax is the port on the North American mainland the nearest to Europe, and it lies in a direct line from the west of Ireland. In point of fact, a well-found steamer would traverse the distance between Galway and Halifax in ten or twelve days with great ease, and carrying a full cargo. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the Quebec Railway scheme has received great encouragement both in the colonies and in this country. At a rough estimate of 7,000*l.* per mile for the 640 miles—and 7,000*l.*, it is believed, is under the circumstances an ample, although compared with English railways a very low computation—the entire cost of the undertaking would be about five millions sterling. After considerable negotiation and delay, the Colonial Office agreed in March last to extend the imperial guarantee over loans to the limit of this sum:—such loans to be raised by the Colonial Legislatures under proper regulations and for the specific purpose of constructing the Quebec line. Since last March the question has been debated by the colonists; and at length they appear to have made great progress in settling the preliminaries and to have adopted a definite plan. It appears that measures are to be at once taken for raising the money, and the colonists expect to obtain it at 3½ per cent. per annum; and also for extending the line beyond Quebec, certainly to Montreal, and most probably as far as the Canadian frontier opposite Detroit. We may hope, therefore, in five or six years from this time to see the completion of a work which will assuredly accomplish great social changes in the countries in which it is undertaken. In the mean time, sentimental and theoretical reconstructors of society

Among the leading studies in poetic or historic composition, we may mention Mr. Hook's sketch for his picture *A Dream of Venice* (240),—Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's sketch for his last year's picture, *Rinaldo destroying the Myrtle Tree in the Enchanted Forest* (84),—*The Contest for the Girdle of Florimel*, and *Rogero introduced to Aleyra*, both in the frame marked 119, — *Angelica delivered from the Sea Monster* — *Sabrina descending* — and *Frolic* (three drawings marked 69). — Two of the drawings by Mr. Cattermole, — *Grace* (238), a scene in a refectory, and *The Trial of the Sword*, a scene of armour and weapons, well express that artist's particular bias; while *Amy Robart* (260) places him on ground more occupied, — at some diminution of that interest which attaches to subjects belonging to his speciality. *The First Sketch for a Fresco of Grialda* (287) by Mr. Cope — executed in the New Palace at Westminster — might with more propriety have been termed a picture: — as it is a very complete transcript of the fresco as it now stands, elaborated with great care and correctness. — Of some pretension, also, are Mr. W. Cave Thomas's *Study for a larger Picture* (11), a subject from one of the Evangelists, — his *Fruit Bearer* (16), — and his sketch in Oil for the *Compartment of Justice, designed to have been painted in the House of Lords* (142). — *The Taming of the Shrew* (42) is the sketch for Mr. Egley's picture selected as one of the prizes for the Art-Union. — There are two clever sketches in charcoal from the hands of Mr. Tenniel. *The Assault* (67) is better than the *Introduction* (62), — because it has more truth in the actions. — There are more of colour and force in Mr. Armitage's sketch of *Samson in Captivity* (93) than there was in the picture, — while there is, of course, less definition of details. — Mr. Croes's sketch for his picture *The Burial of the Two Sons of Edward the Fourth in the Tower* (114) is

here,—and Mr. F. Madox Brown's sketch for the large picture illustrative of English Poetry, representing *Chaucer introduced by his Patron, John of Gaunt, to the Court of Edward the Third* (164).—Here the sketch of the picture lately exhibited at the Royal Academy is seen as the centre of three compartments,—the two side ones being occupied by subjects in relation to the main incident.—Mr. Frith's original sketch for the picture of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (222) furnishes pleasing recollections of the original:—as does Mr. E. M. Ward's *Departure of La Fleur from Montreuil* (266). Nor must we overlook Mr. Uwins's two sketches,—*The Confession*; or, *Two Listeners to One Story* (235),—and *Taking the Veil* (246).—Unpretending in appearance, but most important in effect, are the two contributions from the pencil of Mr. Mulready. The pen-and-ink *Sketch* (274) is replete with science and intelligence:—while the *Sketch* in red chalk (285) superadds to these qualities the charm of a more graceful incident.

Mr. Roberts exhibits here certain examples of distinct epochs in Egyptian architecture:—*The Entrance to the Great Temple of Aboo Simbool in Nubia* (255) showing the first period of Egyptian architecture, of the time of the Pharaohs;—*The Portico of the Temple of Edfou in Upper Egypt* (268) exemplifying the second period, under the Ptolemies;—and *The Elevation of the Portico of the Temple of Dendera* (263) exhibiting the third or last period. *The Church of St. Bavo in Haarlem*, showing the Great Organ (258), and *The Interior of Keleso Abbey, Roxburyshire* (262), contrast well in their minuteness with the massive scale of Oriental proportion.—Venice, the inexhaustible, has here supplied more than her usual amount of material for the painters of interior and of exterior scene. To the latter Mr. Lake Price contributes *Rio San Trovaso: a Study from Nature* (219), and *The Riva de Schiavone, Venice: a Study from Nature* (226).—Mr. Holland, *The Rialto* (190), and *Venice* (230). In these, the followers of Palladio and Sansovino will find it not easy to discover the architectural motives and forms of their schools. Of interiors, the most conspicuous are,—*The Palazzo Cornaro Spinelli, Venice* (241), by Mr. Lake Price,—*Mr. Hart's Great Council Chamber in the Ducal Palace at Venice* (276),—and *The Interior of the Sacristy of St. Mark's* (275), by the same.—Mr. Edward Cooke's studies in the neighbourhood of Genoa are remarkable more for excessive care and finish than for breadth of effect. There are by him, *The Bay of Monaco, looking out of the Gulf of Genoa* (31),—*Martello Tower, Mentone—Evening* (130),—*St. Remo, Gulf of Genoa* (136),—*Analpi from the Convent* (264),—and *The Capuchin Convent* (25) at the same place. The view of *Santa Croce in Gerusalemme* (136), with the campana forming the background, has very truthful effect.—Mr. Linton has a Wilson-like view of *The Lake of Albano and Castel Gondolfo* (280);—and there is great merit in his *Venetian Scene* (221). Home truths are told in his *Cottage on Hampstead Heath* (281).—We like Mr. Vacher's *Taormina from under the Walls, Sicily* (49). There is power by the same hand in the *Convent of Arc' Angelo, La Cava, Kingdom of Naples* (253). *A Street in Algeria* (37) affords to the same artist scope for indulgence in more positive colour.

Two remarkably well-completed interiors are from the pencil of Mr. J. D. Hardy,—(273 and 284). They emulate the truth-telling of Dutch Art.—In the same department, Mr. Charles Landseer has produced a *Sketch at Mayfield, Sussex* (259); and two views at Knowle—*Scene in an Upper Apartment* (99),—and *The Entrance to the House itself* (72).—Some clever studies of Turkish figures by M. Pisani (in frame 94) merit attention:—as do also two frames of studies of *Flowers* (76 and 80) by Mr. H. O'Neil.—Among other things worthy of attention are—*The Study for the Picture of Salvator Rosa* (96) by Mr. Stanfield,—*An Interior at Chestow Castle* (131), and *The Great Tor* (267), by the same,—Mr. F. W. Topham's *Highland Bridge* (128),—*Dunstanborough Castle, Coast of Northumberland* (43),—*A Salmon Trap on the Lledder, North Wales*, and a *Water Mill near Caernarvon* (both in frame 53), by

Mr. J. Wilson, junior,—Mr. E. Duncan's *Cottage at Dawney, near Windsor* (75),—Mr. C. Branwhite's *Sketches, North Wales* (92),—Mr. G. Richmond's *Sketch from Nature at Margate* (98),—Mr. F. Mackenzie's careful drawing of *The Front of the Refectory, Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire* (103), not to be set aside even for the more modern specious treatment of dextrous handling in impasted body colour,—Mr. Frank Dillon's *Two Sketches made at Hastings* (132),—Mr. T. Creswick's admirable *Study of Boats* (145),—Mr. Samuel Prout's *Venice* (148),—Mr. Jenkins's large drawing entitled *The Wedding* (152),—Mr. C. Davidson's view on *Earlwood Common, Reigate* (159),—Mr. Jutsum's *Mill-end Ferry, near Henley on Thames* (169),—Mr. Walter Goodall's *Indian Tent—Great Exhibition* (170),—Mr. C. Lucy's *Study from Nature looking down Lake Windermere* (171),—Mr. T. Webster's chalk drawing of an *Old Dame* (184), showing the care which this artist takes in the preparation for his pictures,—Mr. V. Bartholomew's *Pine Apple, &c.* (210),—Mr. R. Andsell's *Poacher on the look out* (215), his *Duck Shooting* (229), and the *Portrait* (269) by the same.

To the above list of prominent works we can add only the names of a few of the contributors of landscape: the majority looking as if they had been drawn after one pattern and executed by one hand. This must in the end work its own cure:—satiety will lead to distaste. The honourable exceptions here bear the names of Copley Fielding, Montague, Callow, Gastineau, Bennett, Stark, Aylmer, G. E. Hering, Parrott, Palmer, Fripp, T. M. Richardson, Pigeon, Duncan, Davidson, Leitch, Allen, Branwhite, Clint, Knell and a few others. There is promise in some drawings by a new hand, Mr. James Godwin:—whose *Music* (28),—*An Episode from the History of the Plague* (189), and *Provision Merchant* during the same period (198) are demonstrations of a power that requires only the controlling influences of time and practice to qualify this aspirant for excellent results.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Westminster Improvement Commissioners propose erecting a statue of the Queen at the east end of the newly-opened Victoria Street;—and Mr. Bell, the sculptor, has undertaken to execute a sitting figure of Her Majesty, seven feet high, and in fine bronze, for a thousand guineas. The pedestal, we are told, will be decorated with a picturesque treatment of the Royal Arms,—the lion and the unicorn to be treated unheraldically;—“and two ornamental gas lamps, which will be required in that situation, are to be combined, so as to produce an architectural effect.”

It may be convenient that we should call the attention of our readers to the fact that the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square and the Vernon collection in Marlborough House will be closed, for the annual vacation, on Saturday, the 13th inst.,—and opened again to the public on Monday, the 27th of October.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. B. P. Gibbon, the line engraver, deservedly celebrated for his many excellent engravings after the works of Sir Edwin Landseer. His death was occasioned by a sudden attack of English cholera. He was well versed in the history of his art,—and of a mild and gentlemanlike disposition of mind. One of his first works was a small engraving after Landseer's “Travelled Monkey”; and the work on which he was last engaged—and which he has left scarcely half done—was an engraving after one of Mr. Webster's pictures. His inclinations in early life turned to the stage;—but his true path was line engraving. In this he was distinguished rather for the delicacy of his touch and the close character of his work, than for breadth of effect and boldness in the laying in of lines.

“The last twelvemonth,” writes a travelling friend, “has been very showy in results as regards the completion of Cologne Cathedral. If the next keep any proportion with it, another August may see the transept walls finished,—the vaulting of the roof being a longer business, I suspect, and one full of anxiety,—as on the solidity of the work in the junction of what is old with what is new much

will depend when the present wall that shuts off the choir shall be thrown down. Great progress, too, has been made in raising the walls of the nave:—and one of the piers of the skeleton tower has been carried up to an important height.—In short, I think, than in any former period of similar length.”

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pianoforte Music.

NOT long ago, we had occasion to notice the increase of solid and intelligent amateurism amongst us. In the progress, however, and diffusion of musical taste, the caprices and exceptions are many. While a public for chamber-music of the highest classical quality is evidently increasing in England, there still seems too little sign of anything like high-class composition for the Pianoforte. A new *solo Sonata* of the most solid merit would find some difficulty in obtaining a pair of hands to play it and a pair of ears to hear it. Even in the domain of *Fantasia*, *Nocturne*, *Rondos* and *Melodies*,—now that Mendelssohn and Chopin are gone, we know not whom we could name as a composer, with the exception of M. Stephen Heller; yet, strangely enough, we are informed that his beautiful and original music “does not take,” as the jargon is. Are we to come to the conclusion that now, when the Erards and Broadwoods have carried the Pianoforte as a machine to a height of power and perfection undreamed of by our ancestors, the days of imagination and inspiration have passed away?—that the Thalbergs, and Liszts, and Prudents have succeeded in killing fancy by the amount of diffinitions which they have habituated the ear to expect? Something of the kind, for the moment, would seem to be the case.

There is little, at all events, in the heap of *solo* pianoforte music before us which contradicts such a chill prophecy.—*Amaranthe*, by M. Silas, is the most ambitious, perhaps, of the publications to be noticed; a *fantasia* on themes not devoid of elegance and grandeur. But there is a sort of disproportion in the structure of the piece (we know not how better to convey our meaning)—an absence of light and of lightness in contrast—which renders it, as a whole, wearisome, in spite of much good matter imbedded in it. We become tired of the full chord and the two pair of hands employed without intermission and by way of comment on every subject:—and hence we like this “*Amaranthe*” less than other music by M. Silas which has been published.

Mandolines Espagnoles, No. I.—Le Carnaval, No. II.—La Sérénade, No. III.—La Danse, No. IV.—Nocturne: 2me Nocturne.—Marie, Etude.—Mandolins. By Adrien Taley.—It is a pity that compositions having such charming titles should be so small and commonplace. Easy prettiness is the best praise that can be awarded to the best among them:—none rising to the level of those slight things by Hüntner which twenty years since were on the pianofortes of every young lady desirous of making a great show at small cost.—*Grâce, Morceau Caractéristique, and Introduction and Rondo*, are by J. Warburg,—another composer whose name will be new to our readers. In the second of these publications, a certain pleasing elegance in the subject of the *Rondo* (which is in B minor) must be commended. An *Allegretto Pastorale, for the Pianoforte*, by Mr. T. Best, is somewhat more solid—we may even say sterner—being written with a rather un-pastoral simplicity of those devices of composition which belong to the organ rather than to the pianoforte; yet with too large a use of modulation to befit the former instrument.—Of *Pease Fugitive and L'Almée, Divertissement à Quatre Mains*, par Lindsay Sloper, Op. 14, the latter is our favourite,—in part because of its form, but still more because of the more extended development of the composition. Mr. Sloper is happier in development than in first ideas.—Mr. Emanuel Aguilar's “*Caprice*” should be rather called a *Rondo*. It is by no means easy; and the theme must be charged with a certain vagueness.

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but the composition has grace, and is wrought up with passages calculated to interest the pianoforte player, whatever his degree.—Last, let us mention, *The Spirit Polka, brilliant Phantasy*, by Laura Wilson Barker. This rondo is gay and elvish as well as brilliant; and its fantastic mirth becomes particularly commendable in one who has hitherto made herself known by compositions more thoughtful in conception and more sedate in form. Miss L. Barker has versatility,—not anywhere just now a common gift, but especially the reverse among female composers, who have too frequently written from merely one and the same set of echoes.

Vocal Music.

Six Vocal Quartets for two Trebles, Tenor and Bass, to be sung without Accompaniment. Composed by F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Op. 88, No. 17. Forthcoming Works.—The increase of publications in this form is a good sign—the practice of printing separate parts for the singers, implying that the latter (especially where the composition is unaccompanied) must possess musical science greater than was owned by the average vocalists of the last generation. It must be noted, at the same time, that the humour of the German Part-song—a spirit entirely distinct from that of the English Glee—something bolder, more rhythmical, less sickly, but also less ingenious and less elegant—seems also to be creeping in with this usage.—That which is usually, national and natural in the six Vocal Quartets by Mendelssohn above cited, becomes imitative by such a production as Mr. J. L. Hutton's *Collection of Four-Part Songs, chiefly for Male Voices, counter-tenor, two tenors and bass*: which are written, confessedly, on the German model, and not of the best kind,—since, whereas Mendelssohn became year by year more and more conciliatory of the voice (as the six Vocal Quartets before us will prove), Mr. Hutton obviously regards the convenience of the executant as a matter of minor consequence, as may be proved from the bass to No. 2, 'The Warrior's Song' (with its *violoncello* passage at bar No. 6.)—and from the *cantilena* to 'My Love is like the red, red Rose,' No. 5.—This, even for a mezzo-soprano voice (the selection of which, by the way, to lead a part-song, is a mistake) lies too awkwardly to be excused, and runs through too extensive a compass of notes. Glad as we are to recognize the increase of musical science among our vocalists—and little though we be disposed to accept many English glees which the English world accepts—we must still protest against confusion of styles: and regret, so often as we see clever countrymen drawing their inspiration from foreign sources, when there are home fountains which only require clearing out and setting free.

A Set of Songs and a Trio for Female Voices. The English version by Thomas Oliphant, Esq., the Music composed by Giacomo Meyerbeer.—Here are fourteen songs selected from the forty melodies by Meyerbeer which were discussed in the *Athenæum* at some length [Nos. 1199, 1200] on their publication in Paris.—Of the music, then, there is no need for us to write anew.—Mr. Oliphant has done his best to fit the English text to the foreign words neatly; but the best effort of the kind is, after all, an expedient only partially satisfactory, especially in compositions where, as perpetually happens with Meyerbeer's *Melodies*, a word and a note have to go together,—or where the peculiarities of French accent and rhythm impart a peculiarity to the music. But we are sorry to see that alteration without notice given is the order of this selection. 'The Monk'—one of Meyerbeer's finest songs—has been shortened—with a view, we suppose, of facilitating its performance—by the omission of one of its most striking and most necessary passages. It might have been hoped that the days of unscrupulous work like this were over in England.

Songs for Winter Hours. The Words written by Charles Swain; adapted to admired Melodies of Italy and Germany. Selected and Arranged by Richard Andrews.—This publication takes us back to the days when Mr. Haynes Bayly was putting forth volume after volume of his pretty words to pretty tunes, with a facility and a profusion which

contained the destruction of the entire family thus mercilessly increased. While Moore's Melodies—Irish and national—last, and we think will last so long as voices are left to sing and ears and hearts to listen in England,—we cannot recall one song by the author of 'I'd be a Butterfly' which is still heard "within our borders." Further, it is no longer so easy as it was to find such fresh tunes—French, Spanish, German, Hindoostanee, or "Unknown"—as, either with or without condiments and changes, are calculated to gain popularity. Thus, no disparagement is meant to the intrinsic pleasantries and elegance of the joint volume by Messrs. Swain and Andrews, if we say that it appears too late to enjoy more than an ephemeral career.

Three German Songs, with English Words for Soprano. By Hubert Engels.—*Three Rounds for Equal Voices, &c.* By J. M. Murdie.—*Life's Seasons.* The Words by Robert Southey; the Music by Frank Mori.—*The Midnight Wind, Duett.* By E. Dearle, M.B.—*Contentment.* By Edward Deane.—By the transcript of the above titles, we must be understood to convey the impression that the above vocal compositions are all—of their several qualities—deserving some attention,—though none seems to us what a real English song should be. Let us hope that the winter season will provide us with matter more genuine and excellent. Only a very modified share of moderate approbation can be given to the singer—no matter what his country, his period, or his purpose—so long as he rests content with the second-hand melodies of the Mocking Bird!

MISS GLYN'S READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

It is a pleasant sign of a wholesome re-action in the public mind, that Shakespeare Readings are beginning to rank high amongst the selected entertainments of the day. We say re-action, because this practice is partly the rebound of causes which have previously had their share in contributing to the present general degradation of the stage:—and the fact is sufficiently striking to deserve that we should devote to it a few words of notice.

There are play-goers yet living who are able to measure, by their own memories, all the distance between the condition of the public drama even as lately as the time of the Kembles, and that of its present day,—and who have seen growing around them the web of circumstance by which that difference is determined and explained. Amongst many social changes, of custom and of thought, which have all been working to the same result,—it is sufficient here to remark that the progress of club life and the spread of literary associations have created a state of things wholly unlike that in which the idler had no resource but the theatre and the hungerer after intellectual food no lecture-room but the stage. Men who flocked to the theatre once as a place of common resort, for amusement or for education, have since set up institutions of their own where the one or the other may be had, with the greater profit of comparative seclusion and with something of the ease and dignity of home.—To lure the idler back from his luxury, managers have had recourse to the sensualities of Art. The stage where Garrick trod has been surrendered to the Genius of Pageant, and Shakespeare has been dragged at the tails of horses. The better class who sought the theatre for its teaching—and formed always that sound and thoughtful element which was at the real core of dramatic prosperity—after having abandoned the public arena in which the great Poet lectured successfully years ago—feel their hearts yearning once more towards that wise old teacher who taught them as none other can:—and Shakespeare, almost driven from his ancient home because of their desertion, is about, on their invitation, to follow them into the new homes which they have established for themselves, as a loved and honoured guest.—"And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges!"

Accordingly, the practice of Shakespeare reading is growing, as we have said, into an approved portion of the courses of amusement and instruction

combined which most of these institutions arrange for themselves in each year:—and it is becoming a popular mode of addressing the public even beyond their walls. Mrs. Butler is, we see, making preparations for a reading campaign in the provinces:—and Miss Glyn, since her secession from Sadler's Wells Theatre, is receiving a variety of engagements of the same kind in the metropolis and elsewhere.—On Monday last, she read the play of 'Antony and Cleopatra' at the City of London Literary Institution, in Aldersgate Street.

The reading of a complete play of Shakespeare, as distinguished from the acting of a part in it, must, it will be obvious, have both its advantages and its disadvantages:—but the advantages, if the reader be of sufficient rank, will be all on the side of the audience,—the disadvantages the reader himself, or herself, has to contend against. To sustain a single and idiosyncratic passion is a very different thing from the presentment of various passions,—or the clear marking of the specific differences that modify passions essentially the same.—But they who have seen the best days of the acted drama will remember best how often the effect, on the stage, of the finest passion has been marred for want of anything like depth or truth in the echoes which it awoke,—how the sense of Art has been offended, and that of reality disturbed, by means of the very excellence which became itself the measure of the incapacity of all about it.—To have all the parts of a play read by the same fine intelligence and rendered by the same artistic power, is a far higher intellectual treat, no doubt, than can ever be presented on the stage,—to those who can enjoy such things as books without the artificial stimulant of picture illustrations. At the same time, for a reader to lay down one passion in the very whirlwind of its action, for the purpose of taking up another at a moment's notice,—and pass back to the first—perhaps by the way of a commonplace,—this is a task making physical demands such as few can meet, and presenting mental difficulties to be grappled with only by genius of the first class.

Miss Glyn's presentment of the part of Cleopatra is well known to the public:—it had, in fact, formed a sort of feature in the stage history of last year, which led to Sadler's Wells many a lover of Shakespeare not accustomed to seek his recreations on the banks of the New River. We need only add here, that on the occasion of this Reading the weak and passionate Antony was elevated, by the same pure insight into Shakespeare's meanings and energy in producing them, to his proper place and proportions in the play. The less important interlocutors, each in their due relations, were made to contribute to the harmony of this wondrous work of Art. The matchless colouring was graduated by the same fine hand.—But here, as ever, the leading figure was—as Shakespeare intended—still, Cleopatra. The weakness and the strength, the luxury and the courage, the levity and the love, of the dark-eyed Egyptian Queen—her magnificent *fainté* and her grand oriental exaggeration—the passionate recklessness of her life and the passionate deliberation of her death—all that she felt, and thought, and squandered, and suffered, from the day when, to the tune of flutes, she sailed down the Cydnus, in her golden galley, to meet the advancing Conqueror, to that when, amid the tears of her women, she dressed herself once more to seek on the shore of a darker Cydnus the departed footsteps of the fallen chief,—were suggested with a power of variety which is the necessary life of the part,—and so as to give a lively and picturesque idea of that strange, wild, rich creation which sheds its spirit of voluptuousness over one of the most wonderful poems in the world.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—A friend writes from Cologne that it is there said that Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been just engaged by Mr. Lumley as the musical director of *Her Majesty's Theatre* in London, and of the *Italian Opera* in Paris,—and that he will in consequence resign his appointments in the City of the Three Kings. This, of course, implies the retirement of Mr. Balfe; and the gain, also, to London of a sound musician and amiable man,—which universal

report declares Herr Hiller to be. What his capacities as musical conductor of a theatre so differently constructed from those of the Continent as ours may prove, no one can yet divine,—but of his standing among European musicians there can be no question. His appointment, therefore,—if the Cologne echoes tell true,—must not pass without a word of welcome. It is said, that if Herr Hiller do leave Germany, there is some chance of M. Liszt being tempted away from his court-allegiance at Weimar, to be placed at the head of the *Conservatoire* in Cologne, instead of Herr Hiller.

A note or two, from the same hand, concerning the "whereabouts" of some of the foreign actors and musicians may be given, as illustrating that period of holiday—by artists read to mean vagabondizing on double pay—which must elapse ere the winter season calls the tourist public home and the public's servants back to their fixed duties. "In Germany," says our correspondent, "so far as I can make out, no 'star' seems abroad comparable with the Löwes, Linds, and Lisztos who in former bath-seasons were idolized by the innkeepers, and serenaded by troops of friends,—to the great pleasure, or nuisance, of the passing stranger, as the case might chance to be. Compared with their notes, the *Chansonnets* of M. Levasor are but a meagre little contribution, mirthful though they be,—Madame van Hasselt Barth, who was the best singer of the Vienna opera company, has been at Frankfurt. Herr Cossmann, the excellent violinist, and Herr Willmers, the brilliant northern pianist, whom we Londoners remember,—have been giving concerts at Baden-Baden. But I hear from those who should know complaints of the German publishers (whom enterprising enough) as having of late become unwilling to treat for any composition in a classical form;—and I have heard from one or two who should know better, those rhapsodies and raptures about the newest romanticisms of Herren Wagner, Schumann and their imitators, which must—unless the Past be no prophet for the Future—tend to the corruption of taste and the discouragement of pure and simple invention. Matters, in short, seem at a very low ebb, in this country, as regards Mozart's and Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's art."

The daily papers report the death, at the age of seventy-two, of Mr. Richard Jones,—whom the last generation of play-goers will remember well as an actor of great eminence in light comedy at Covent Garden Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

French Expedition into the Sea of Japan.—A report is current that an Expedition is about to be sent from France into the Sea of Japan. It is said that it will consist of a frigate, a corvette, and a steamer, under the orders of a Rear-Admiral who has long navigated in the Pacific Ocean and the Chinese seas.—This Expedition will, it is added, "be at once military, commercial, and scientific, and has for object to open to European commerce States which have been closed against it since the sixteenth century."—*Inquirer*.

The Ornithorhynchus.—The attention of naturalists has been recently much arrested by two specimens of that extraordinary animal the Ornithorhynchus, or duck-billed platypus, exhibited in the west nave of the Exhibition. It is a native of Australia,—and bears some resemblance to the beaver and the otter, with a fur similar to those creatures. The head is rather flat, and the mouth furnished with a bill like that of the duck.—It is, notwithstanding this marvellous incongruity, a very pretty-looking animal. When first sent to this country, it was received by zoologists with caution amounting to suspicion; nor was it till one or two more specimens arrived from Governor Hunter (we believe, and addressed to Sir Joseph Banks), that naturalists were ready to allow that the beak was naturally attached to the body. Sir Henry Halford also devoted much time to the investigation of this subject; and succeeded in establishing the fact of its reality.—a satisfactory instance of the progress and accuracy of scientific application.—*Times*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. B. S.—B. B. W.—S. L.—received. G. W.—The Play has been received. W. R. T.—We cannot give this correspondent the information which he seeks.

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